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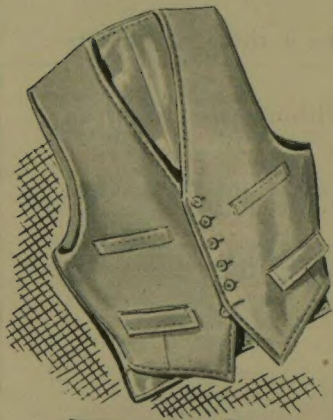
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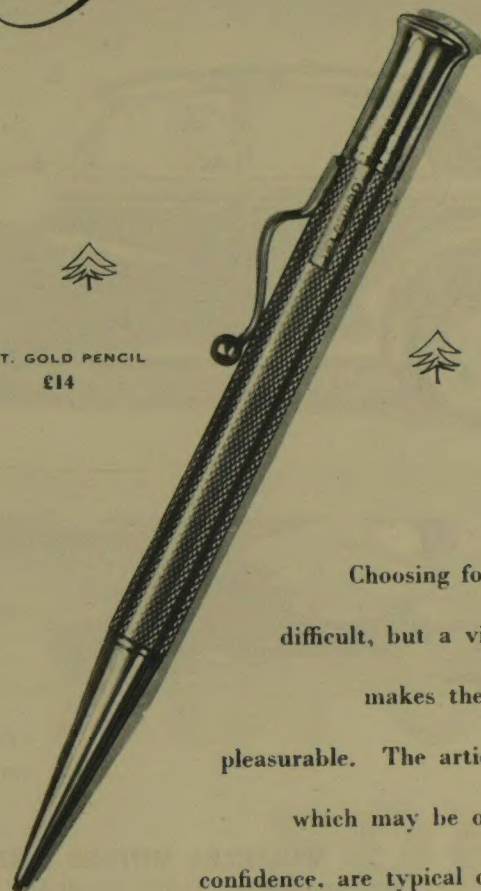
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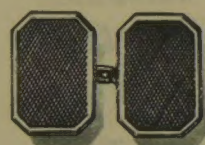


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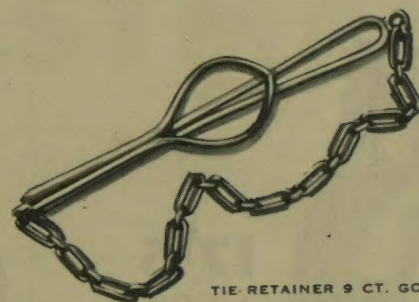
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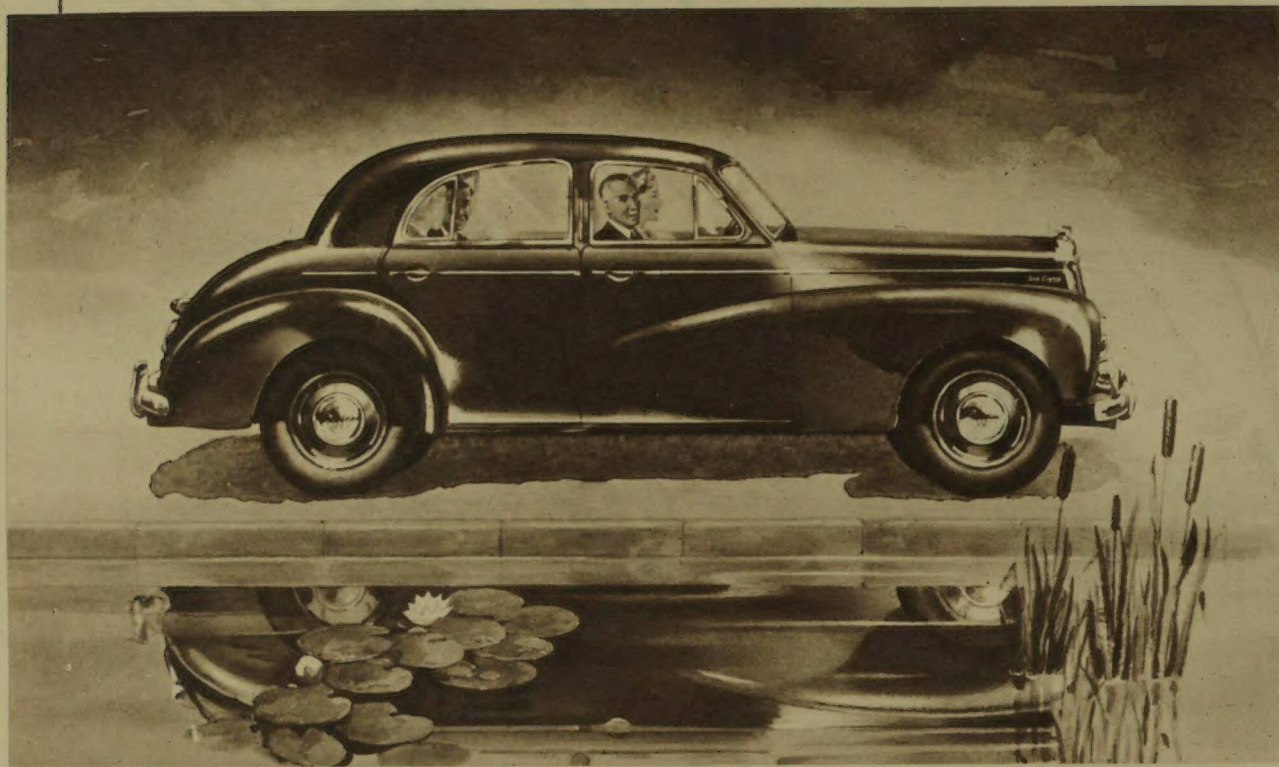
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1950.



## THE SOVEREIGNS OF TWO FREEDOM-LOVING COUNTRIES AS HOST AND GUEST: THE KING DRIVING IN STATE FROM VICTORIA STATION TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE WITH THE QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS.

The State visit of Queen Juliana and the Prince of the Netherlands took place in overcast weather, but the brilliance of the processions and the welcome which London gave to the Royal visitors cancelled any climatic shortcomings. The King and Queen, the Princesses and other members of the Royal family, the Prime Minister and many leading men met Queen Juliana and the Prince at Victoria Station at 3 o'clock on

November 21, and the Royal guests drove in State in open carriages, with a Sovereign's Escort of the Household Cavalry, through beflagged streets lined with detachments of the three Services, and filled with cheering crowds, to Buckingham Palace. The King drove in the first carriage with Queen Juliana and the Duke of Gloucester. Other photographs of the State visit appear elsewhere in this issue.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

I HAVE been re-reading Professor Namier's brilliant book, written a year or two ago, "Europe in Decay." When a great historian—and Professor Namier is one of the first of our age—turns his powers of analysis and skill in assessing facts to the events of one's own time, what passes for common knowledge is often shown to be little more than common repute or superstition. It must be remembered, however, that in dealing with the evidence of contemporary events, a historian, however skilful, is at a disadvantage, in that much of the evidence which he requires for balanced judgment is inevitably still lacking. Not only is it more difficult for him, as it is for other men, to see the wood for the trees, but large portions of the woodland he has to survey are still invisible. Yet, allowing for this fundamental difficulty, the trained historian has an immense advantage over the ordinary student of contemporary events. He is practised in a searching technique for examining and comparing the validity of written documents and, if as well as a skilled technician, he is also a man of genius—and Professor Namier is—he possesses a second sense, born of long, habitual experience, for detecting error, falsehood and discrepancy. And with these the political and diplomatic records of Europe and Britain in the 1930's abound.

It is a melancholy story. Here, arraigned at the bar of history, are not only the criminals who deliberately plunged Europe into ruin and anarchy, but in a sense still guiltier men—for it was they who had the initial power and allowed their sacred trust to pass into the hands of the gangsters and gunmen—the shifters, the excusers and the *poseurs*. We see the latter, with their decorations and grave democratic declamations, their pompous platitudes and plausible evasions, allowing the European tradition, and human civilisation and freedom with it, to go down the drain. But for the intervention of the New World, and, let it be added, the splendid, redeeming resistance of this country and her sister nations of the Commonwealth, the civilisation of a thousand years would not merely be imperilled as it is to-day: it would already be totally destroyed. The incinerators of the great concentration camps of Germany and enslaved Poland were the beacon fires of that destruction; the twentieth-century equivalents of burning Silchester, Anderida, Verulam and London in the annals of the Dark Ages that followed the fall of Rome in our own island fourteen centuries ago.

Professor Namier is too experienced an assessor of politics to place the entire blame for what occurred on the politicians whose sins of commission or, more often, of omission, are popularly supposed to have brought Europe to its recent and still present plight. "Statesmen and generals," he writes, "can hardly plan as much as a sensible policy unless the voice of the nation speaks clearly to them. Correct conclusions are seldom reached, still less acted upon, in cold logic unsupported by a burning passion; and the most amazing lapses from elementary common sense will occur in work done against the background of contradictory impulses in the nation." \* The inadequacy in character of the democratic politicians of Europe in the '30's was no more than a symptom of the general

lack of political understanding and education and the poor moral health of the nations they represented. It is, indeed, as symptoms that Professor Namier condemns the once highly-placed apologists who flit across his grave, tragic pages; it is this that makes his book so valuable. The volume and venom of popular judgments of Bonnet and his colleagues would, he wrote, justify "a sympathetic hearing for his defence, were not such feelings quickly dispelled by his own glib, over-eager, uneasy discourse: invariably blameless, and successful where his own endeavours sufficed, he knows only of other men's faults or torts, and with

her efforts at peaceful persuasion, was rearming, and that her age-long security from seaborne invasion was in addition being destroyed by the growing development of the air weapon. It is natural that a profound student of the English eighteenth century and of British politics like Professor Namier, should be shocked by the timid and feeble policy of the apologetic and appeasing '30's. But in a sense that policy was as natural as his horror at it, for by that time the only real alternative to it was the precipitation of the very conflict that nine Britons out of ten, however wrongly, regarded as the evil above all evils

to be avoided, and a conflict in which Britain, being so shamefully disarmed, seemed almost certain to be defeated. The general public was certainly more concerned with the first of these than with the second, for it knew little of the national state of preparedness and, however insanely, cared even less. The Government of the time, not unnaturally, was more concerned with the armament dilemma. It was of this that Stanley Baldwin was thinking when he said that his lips were sealed.

In 1935, at the time of the Abyssinian crisis, the British battle-fleet—the country's sole weapon—was still almost completely unprotected against aerial attack. The Army was so denuded of weapons and ammunition that it is probably no exaggeration to say that it was incapable at that moment of defending even the Isle of Wight against a well-equipped armoured division. The Air Force, sixteen years before the greatest in the world, had become that of a fifth-rate State. And—an almost incredible illustration of the universal character of the *malaise* affecting British policy between the wars—if there was any single man who had been more responsible than another for this lamentable state of affairs, it was the great statesman and historian of war who in the middle '30's was to sound the tocsin for rearmament and a few years later to save Britain by his exertions and Europe by his example. Winston Churchill's representation of a short-sighted and pinchbeck Treasury in the latter '20's—vigorous and irresistible like his representation of almost everything else—had, in the upshot, the effect of prolonging the disastrous "Ten Years' Rule" for several years beyond the time it would otherwise have ended. When in 1929 the Conservative Government fell and an ex-conscientious objector, whose Party was publicly committed to complete disarmament, succeeded to the Premiership, only to be dislodged in turn by an economic crisis so severe as to retard rearmament for at least two further

years, the chance of repairing the neglected dykes in time had passed. In the years between the remilitarisation of the Rhineland and Munich, Britain, though vainly trying to make up for lost time—for the years the locusts had eaten—was a mere shadow in the *real-politik* of Europe. Her part was well symbolised by the pathetic placard carried at her Army manoeuvres, proclaiming that the solitary and unarmed soldier bearing it represented a brigade of artillery or a battalion at full strength. However relatively weak compared with her later strength Nazi Germany may have been in 1937 and 1938, Britain was far weaker. When the full and shameful story of those years, and of those that preceded them, is told, this will be more clearly realised.

## A ROYAL NETHERLANDS TRIBUTE TO BRITISH WAR DEAD.



QUEEN JULIANA AND THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS AT THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR'S GRAVE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY ON NOVEMBER 21: HER MAJESTY AND HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS LAYING A WREATH ON THE TOMB.

H.M. the Queen of the Netherlands and her consort, H.R.H. the Prince of the Netherlands, carried out a heavy programme during their State visit to this country from November 21 to 24. One of their first engagements—on the afternoon of November 21, shortly after their arrival in London—was a visit to Westminster Abbey. They drove there from Buckingham Palace, and were received at the great West Door by the Dean of Westminster, who presented the clergy of the Abbey. He then conducted the Royal visitors to the east side of the Grave of the Unknown Warrior, which had been decorated with borders of Flanders poppies, and her Majesty and the Prince placed on the tomb a laurel wreath brought over from Holland which bore a ribbon in the Royal Tricolor of the Netherlands. After a moment's silence the Dean said a prayer, and before leaving the Abbey the Queen and the Prince signed the Visitors' Book and inspected the Illuminated Roll of Honour of civilian dead. Further photographs of events during the State visit appear on other pages of this issue.

a smirky vivacity recounts the story of his eighteen months at the Quai d'Orsay." †

So far as this country was concerned, its people and its Government, there were two dominating factors which I think Professor Namier, in his scathing contempt for the policy which resulted from them, a little underestimates. These were a profound and almost pathological hatred of war, resulting from the nightmare blood-bath in the Flanders trenches that had followed the long Victorian peace. There was the fact—and this partly sprang from the other—that by the time of Hitler's rise to power, Great Britain was virtually disarmed in a world that, despite all

\* "Europe in Decay." By L. B. Namier. P. 5. (Macmillan.)

† *Idem*, pp. 60-1





**NOT AN AIRCRAFT VAPOUR-TRAIL, BUT THE SMOKE-PLUME OF A LOCOMOTIVE : AN EXPRESS ROARING TO THE COAST IN MIST.**

This remarkable photograph might symbolise the disturbing effect of modern speed on a sleepy, old-world district, for it suggests an aircraft vapour-trail left behind in the sky by one of the latest of man's inventions. It actually shows a train of the

Southern Region roaring to the coast along the permanent way through a rural Kentish landscape still shrouded in a heavy blanket of early-morning mist, while a great plume of smoke trails billowing out behind it.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



"WHY," I am often asked, "why do you gardeners give your plants those frightful Latin names?" Not guilty. It's almost invariably the botanists who think

up the Latin names, whilst gardeners are responsible for the fancy, English, vernacular names.

I have a theory that plant names are a sort of hereditary headache, an all-time retribution, dating back to Adam and Eve and the Serpent in the Garden of Eden. Adam was given the task of naming every beast of the field and every fowl of the air, and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof. Then came the matter of the forbidden fruit—with the Serpent as *agent provocateur*. Not only was Adam expelled from the Garden, but in the sweat of his face was he to eat bread. There were to be thorns and thistles, and he was to eat the herbs of the field. That apparently was how our garden troubles originated—weeds, sweat—and plant names. And the Serpent too was cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field—"upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life." I have always wondered what can have been the Serpent's method of locomotion before he was condemned to go upon his belly.

There is, of course, a very good reason for giving plants—and, in fact, all living things—names of Latin form. Latin acts as a sort of Esperanto. Common vernacular names are purely local, peculiar to their country, and sometimes even their county, of origin. Thus London Pride holds good and is understood in most parts of Britain, but the plant is known in some districts as "St. Patrick's Cabbage," and elsewhere as "None So Pretty." These names, however, mean nothing outside Great Britain. But the Latin name of the plant, *Saxifraga umbrosa*, is understood by botanists of every nationality in every corner of the world.

There is no need to make heavy weather of Latin plant names, for they are surely no more formidable than many of the common English names. In fact, it often happens that the folk who wail most loudly about ghastly Latin names fall into the habit of using certain Latin names in preference to their English equivalents. Antirrhinum is used far more often than snapdragon. Which reminds me of a delightful letter which I saw quoted in a Sunday paper—the *Observer*, I think it was—at the time of the Irish "troubles." It was a letter from an Irish maid to her mistress in England. It ran—and I quote from memory, having long since lost the cutting—"On Thursday there was a battle in the Park. After the battle I showed the armies round the garden. They particularly admired your Ladyship's antirrhinums. Unfortunately some of the soldiers got drunk and one of them was drowned in the lake. The funeral is on Saturday, and as I feel sure would be your Ladyship's wish, I am sending a wreath of antirrhinums." Antirrhinums—ghastly Latin name, mark you—not snapdragons. The loss of that cutting was a bitter thing.

Many plants, original wild species, never get beyond the Latin names they were given when first discovered. Just as it takes time, and perhaps a certain amount of popularity—or unpopularity—for a man to acquire a nickname, so it is only a comparatively small number of plant species that ever achieve English names, and the growth of such names is usually a slow process.

Some years ago there was, I am told, a nurseryman who decided that every plant in his very comprehensive catalogue should have an English name. Where none existed he coined them, often by crudely Englishing the Latin names. His best effort was with *Buddleia globosa*, which he twisted into "the Globose Buddle-bush." A year or two ago I told this to my friend J. de Nabarro. He was enchanted, and next time I was in his garden at Broadway he took me to inspect his "Ambiguous quirk"—the rather uncommon American oak, *Quercus ambigua*.

## ON NAMING PLANTS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

Gardeners are often sorely irked when they are informed that the Latin name of some favourite plant, with which they have been familiar since childhood, has been changed to something quite different. Irked though they be, they should blame neither the botanists—nor the Serpent. There is a ruling that a plant shall be called by the earliest available name, the original name under which it was recorded and described, provided that that name had not already been used for another plant. When such a change of name is announced, it means that it has been discovered that the plant in question has been described and named twice or more, and that having become popularly known by a later name, it must now revert to its earliest and original name. This practice aims at finality; a time when no more such corrections will be necessary. In the meantime it is

outside opinion was not unanimous on this point. Not quite. It was a primula of the Pubescens type, sumptuously, almost voluptuously, beautiful. But it

had the feeblest constitution. A chronic invalid, always with one foot in the grave, until flower time came round, and then its burst of splendour took one's breath away. I named it "Zuleika Dobson," after Max Beerbohm's superb character. She whose beauty was devastating, but whose brain was practically nil. She upon whom, when she declined an honoured place in his harem, the Sultan conferred the Order of Chastity—in the Second Class. Shortly after my primula had received the R.H.S. Award of Merit, a minor official of the Society wrote and asked me if I would mind changing the name, by dropping the

"Dobson" and call it just "Zuleika"—which he explained was "quite a pretty and euphonious name." I replied that I did not feel that I knew the lady well enough to call her by her Christian name, but that if he would write and obtain her consent, I would agree. This official faded from the scene shortly afterwards...

Finding good fancy or English names for new garden varieties of flowers and fruits is by no means easy. Someone spoke true words—was it Sydney Smith?—when he said that naming a kitten is a test of literary genius. The same applies to the naming of flowers—and children. But there is this about flowers and children. If they turn out to be individuals of real worth, character and enchantment, their names, no matter how banal and stodgy, have a way of growing to their owners and, standing for something enchanting, will themselves become names of enchantment. "Mrs. Sinkins" could hardly be called a glamorous name, yet, attached to the fragrant and favourite old pink, we pronounce it with real affection.

There is an official recommendation in connection with giving personal names to flowers, which was supported at the International Botanical Congress at Stockholm this year. This ordains that "where personal names are used to designate varieties, the prefixes 'Mr.', 'Mrs.', and 'Miss' and their equivalents should be avoided." Thus "Ellen Willmott" is preferable to "Miss Willmott." I don't know for what reason this was passed, but doubtless the reason is perfectly sound and logical. But it presents certain difficulties. Suppose, for instance, I were to raise a new variety of fuchsia, whose petticoat petals were so long and voluminous that they entirely hid those shameful organs, the anthers and stigma. What more natural than to christen it "Mrs. Grundy"? But the "Mrs." is taboo. Mrs. Grundy, however, is Mrs. Grundy, and could be nothing else. In Thomas Morton's play, "Speed the Plough" (1798), Dame Abigail continually refers to Mrs. Grundy as a criterion of respectability—"What would Mrs. Grundy think?" and so on. Having no known Christian name, she can only be referred to as "Mrs."

Or again: if I raised a particularly satisfying potato or fragrant cabbage, without hesitation, and even at the risk of being expelled from the Garden of Wisley, I would name it "Mrs. Beeton," for the patron saint of British cooking is known as "Mrs. Beeton," and by no other name. To abide by the rules and call my spud—or cabbage—"Isabella Mary Beeton" would mean nothing. Every shred of allusion to the standby that is found in every kitchen throughout the land would be lost.

Incidentally, Mrs. Beeton has had a raw and shabby deal. Wanting to know her Christian name, I looked in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 14th Edition. *Britannica*, forsooth. She just isn't mentioned. Nor is she to be found in the "Dictionary of National Biography." A friend dug out those Christian names for me from the catalogue of the National Portrait Gallery.



"A LITTLE WESTERN FLOWER, BEFORE MILK-WHITE, NOW PURPLE WITH LOVE'S WOUND, AND MAIDENS CALL IT, LOVE-IN-IDLENESS"; AND BOTANISTS, *VIOLA TRICOLOR*: ONE OF THE MOST NAMED OF EUROPEAN FLOWERS—FROM A PLATE IN KÖHLER'S MEDICINAL PLANTS (1887).

So many names has the Common Wild Pansy in England—and for that matter, in France, Germany and all over its wide European range—that, rich though the catalogue is in romance, humour, social history and what you will, it is also an object lesson on the futility of relying on the vernacular for accurate scientific nomenclature. This is the list of its names as given in Britten and Holland's "Dictionary of English Plant Names (1886)": "Beedy's Eyes, Biddy's Eyes, Bleeding Heart, Buttery-Entry, Call-me-to-you, Cats' Faces, Cull-me-to-you, Face-and-hood, Fancy, Flamy, Garden Gate, God-fathers and Godmothers, Heartsease, Heart's Pansy, Heart Seed, Herb Trinity, Jack-behind-the-garden-gate, Jump-up-and-kiss-me, Kiss-me, Kitty-run-the-streets, Leap-up-and-kiss-me, Live-in-idleness, Look-up-and-kiss-me, Love-in-idleness, Love-true, Meet-her-i-th-entry-kiss-her-i-th-buttery, Monkey's Face, Pance, Pansy, Paunce, Pensy, Pink-o'-my-John, Stepmother, Three Faces in a Hood, Tickle my Fancy, Tittle my Fancy, Two-faces-under-the-Sun, Violet, Horse Violet, Trinity Violet, Wild Love and Idle."

tiresome. But the sooner we adopt and get used to the correct Latin names the sooner there will be peace and happiness in the garden.

In connection with the giving of Latin names to newly discovered plants, the late Reginald Farrer once told me that as a plant collector he had one burning ambition. There was a certain famous lady gardener whom he detested, bitterly and vindictively. I name no names, but for the purpose of illustration I will say that her name was "Henrietta Wilson." His ambition was to discover an entirely new plant. It was to be, not only a new species, but a new genus. It was to be the most revoltingly ugly plant ever seen, an indestructible weed with the most hideous and evil-smelling flowers imaginable. And he would name it "*Wilsonia henrietta*."

In 1914 I christened a new primula with a name which I thought was exceptionally appropriate. But





A QUEEN'S PERSONAL COAT-OF-ARMS IN EDINBURGH TAPESTRY: THE BEAUTIFUL PANEL WOVEN TO HER MAJESTY'S ORDER FROM A DESIGN BY STEPHEN GOODEN, C.B.E., R.A.

This fine heraldic panel of tapestry, 9 ft. by 7 ft. in size, showing the Queen's personal coat-of-arms surrounded by a decorative border of flowers, featuring the roses of England, the thistles of Scotland and the daffodils of Wales, with other flowers and fruit, was woven to her order by the Edinburgh Tapestry Company. It will be remembered that the design for the panel by Mr. Stephen Gooden, R.A., was exhibited at the Arts Council show of Edinburgh Tapestries and designs early this year, and that the completed panel was cut from the loom by her Majesty's own hand on September 5 when she visited the Dovecote Studios, Corstorphine, where the Edinburgh Tapestries are made. She used a silver and jewelled *sgian-dhu* (a dirk), an heirloom of the Bute family, in order to cut the tapestry down, and allowed Princess Margaret, who accompanied her to the Dovecote Studios, to complete the process. During the Royal visit one of the artist-weavers, Mr. Richard Gordon, pointed out that among the clover leaves featured at the bottom of the design, on the right centre, there is an "unauthorised" four-leaf clover—a "lucky

token for Prince Charles." The Edinburgh Tapestry Company, which was founded by the fourth Marquess of Bute in 1910, just as William Morris was winding up his Merton Abbey factory, have continued their work from that day, interrupted only by two World Wars. After the Second World War, the present venture began on the foundations so well laid by the late Lord Bute. It has since then been the policy of the company to weave the work of contemporary British artists such as John Armstrong, Edward Bawden, Cecil Collins, Cecil Beaton, Vanessa Bell, Duncan Grant, Graham Sutherland, the late Rex Whistler, and so forth. The upright loom is exclusively used in the Dovecote Studios. Four of the looms at present in use were used by the Soho weavers in 1690. The artist-weavers sit at the back of the loom and work with the aid of a mirror placed in front. These looms are warped from 10 to 14 threads per inch according to the design chosen to be woven. The entire fabric is woven in Cheviot wool specially spun and dyed in Scotland, with fast colours.

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THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR, FROM ALGECIRAS BAY. COMPARED BY GAUTIER TO A SPHINX LOOKING TOWARDS AFRICA, BY THACKERAY TO "AN ENORMOUS LION, CROUCHED BETWEEN THE ATLANTIC AND THE MEDITERRANEAN."



LOOKING NORTH UP THE WEST SIDE OF GIBRALTAR FROM EUROPA POINT, WITH BUFFADERO BLUFF ON THE RIGHT AND, IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND, THE NEW MOLE STRETCHING OUT TOWARDS THE SPANISH COAST AND ALGECIRAS BAY.



ON THE TERRACED WESTERN SIDE OF GIBRALTAR: LOOKING FROM THE ROCK HOTEL, OVER THE HARBOUR, IN WHICH A WARSHIP CAN BE SEEN, AND SO OVER THE BAY TO THE HILLS OF SPAIN AND THE TOWN OF ALGECIRAS.



LOOKING SOUTHWARDS FROM THE AERODROME DOWN THE SAVAGE AND PRECIPITOUS EAST FACE OF THE ROCK, WHICH CONTAINS MANY OF THE FAMOUS GALLERIES AND THE GREAT RAINWATER CATCHMENT BASINS.



LOOKING WESTWARDS OVER GIBRALTAR'S MILITARY HARBOUR, WITH WARSHIPS OF THE ROYAL NAVY LYING BESIDE THE NEW MOLE, IN THE FOREGROUND CAN BE SEEN THE RED ROOFS OF POST-WAR HOUSING DEVELOPMENT.

ANCIENTLY known as Calpe and, with its opposite promontory on the African coast, as the Pillars of Hercules, Gibraltar gained its modern name in 711 A.D. when the Arab commander Tarik ibn Ziyad established a fortress there and the Rock became known as Gebel al-Tarik, "the hill of Tarik." It continued as a Moorish fortress until 1309 and later from 1333 until 1462. It remained in Spanish possession until 1704, when Admiral Rooke surprised and overpowered the Spanish garrison. Ever since that date it has been one of Britain's proudest possessions, serving at once as an impregnable base for Atlantic and Mediterranean alike and also as a symbol of impregnability and British tenacity. Its highest point is called Highest Point and is 1396 ft. above sea-level.



THE SMALL TRAFALGAR CEMETERY, WHICH CONTAINS THE GRAVES OF MANY WHO DIED IN THE BATTLE. IT LIES NEAR THE RAGGED STAFF STAIRS, WHERE ADMIRAL ROOKE'S MEN LANDED ON THE ROCK IN 1704.

GIBRALTAR, THE SYMBOL AND STRONGHOLD OF BRITAIN'S MEDITERRANEAN INTERESTS.



## ENGLAND IN THE REGENCY.

"THE AGE OF ELEGANCE, 1812-1822": By ARTHUR BRYANT.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

N.B.—The illustration on this page is not reproduced from the book.

THIS is the third—not, I hope, the last—of Mr. Arthur Bryant's volumes on English history in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. The first, covering 1793 to 1802, was called "The Years of Endurance"; the second, covering 1802-1812, was called "The Years of Victory." Now comes the third. The pattern, I suppose, seemed to demand a similar sort of title. But I am not sure that it is a suitable one. Had the book been concerned only with architecture, with the routs and the balls, with the styles of the letter-writers and diarists, with Piccadilly and St. James's, the bucks and the dandies, and the clothes (though not the contours) of George, Regent and King, the title might have been more suitable—though even at that the former age had more of genuine elegance and less of that floridity which bordered on vulgarity. But Mr. Bryant's book is not chiefly concerned with forms and fashions, and his period was one of the greatest turbulence. Waterloo was not very elegant; and Peterloo was still less so. There was little elegance about the storming of Badajoz, which is most graphically described in the course of Mr. Bryant's masterly summary of the last stages of the Peninsular War. Beyond Carlton House and the Brighton Pavilion, with their glittering chandeliers, beyond the Castle, beyond the great country houses, with their rival coteries of rich, and mostly elegant, politicians and their ladies, there was a very varied England, suffering, laughing, cheering, starving, feasting, roistering, praying, playing cricket, rioting, farming, fishing, cotton-spinning, boxing, cock-fighting against a panoramic background described by Pierce Egan as well as Jane Austen, by the Corn Law Rhymers as well as by Miss Mitford.

In an imposing catalogue (and even this omits the Creeveys and Crabb Robinsons and Grevilles) Mr. Bryant surveys the outstanding literary "spokesmen" of the age. "Not even in the time of Shakespeare and Milton had Britain produced such an astonishing harvest of literary genius. In the decade after Waterloo one might have met at one time or another in the London streets William and Mary [I take it he means Dorothy] Wordsworth, Coleridge, Blake and Lamb, Keats, Shelley and Byron, Jane Austen and Walter Scott, Hazlitt, Landor, Southey, Moore, Crabbe, Cobbett, De Quincey, Leigh Hunt, William Napier, Jeremy Bentham, Godwin, as well as a host of lesser literary figures, like the elder D'Israeli, Haydon and John Nyren. And Thackeray, Dickens, Carlyle, Fitzgerald, Tennyson, Borrow, Macaulay, George Eliot, Robert and Elizabeth Browning, the Brontës, Surtees and the younger Disraeli were growing up—in the nursery or on the threshold of

manhood." The first thing that strikes one about that tremendous assembly is not some common colour of their age (in point of elegance alone I cannot detect much of it in, for instance, Blake, Crabbe, Cobbett or that extraordinary freak, Jeremy Bentham), but their luxuriant diversity. The second thing is glanced at by Mr. Bryant himself. "With the exception of Scott and Byron," says he, "none of these men and women were known at the time to more than a small circle of their countrymen." That is roughly true; though Southey and Moore had a certain fame

Shakespeare (no great celebrity in his own day) colours the Elizabethan age. The age certainly shares in the credit of producing them; but it did not know what it had produced. And by the same token we cannot tell what sort of appearance our own age will present to future historians like Mr. Bryant, aware of every aspect and activity of our civilisation. They will hardly call ours "The Age of Elegance," I think; but what will they call it? And should one of them begin a paragraph with "In the decade after Potsdam [our Waterloo, perhaps] one might have met at one time or another in the London streets..." What names will take the place of those dots? "Great spirits now on earth are sojourning," was written of Mr. Bryant's period; let us hope that that is true of our time also; what is certain is that posterity will praise us for having produced them and envy us for having breathed a common air with them when, in point of fact, we haven't the foggiest idea where and who they are.

This swarming book, which wanders from battlefields to cornfields, from salons to slums, from international Congresses to covers and coverts, can be opened and begun anywhere with delight, because of the richness of the detail drawn from a multitude of sources, enumerated in an overwhelming bibliography. But varied though the themes and frequent though the transitions, it is a unity, being bound together by an unflagging passion "for the main theme, namely, England. Mr. Bryant is no indiscriminating patriot looking at the past through rose-coloured spectacles; he burks no folly of rulers, no brutality of ruled, no callousness of the rich, no animality of the poor; his eye is clear to distinguish between misfortunes which might have been avoided and misfortunes which could not have been. But, however critical he may be, there is never any doubt as to where his love lies. It is recorded of Dr. Johnson and Dick Savage that, when they were young and penniless and without the price of a bed, they walked round St. James's Square all night and, when the chill dawn came, shook hands and vowed that they would stand by their country. Mr. Bryant would have made a suitable third to that party. I'm not so sure that he wouldn't even go so far as to agree with the aged ex-soldier who said to me in a country inn when

Hitler's War broke out: "Damn it all, Sir, there's only one country fit to live in, and that's this." At a time when there is so much querulousness, doubt and depression about, and such a tendency to lament over the apparent decay of our civilisation, a voice like his is heartening and refreshing. After all, nobody ever got out of trouble by merely bleating.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 920 of this issue.



"JIMMY" INTERRUPTS THE AUTHOR OF "THE AGE OF ELEGANCE" AND THE CONTRIBUTOR OF THE "OUR NOTE BOOK" FEATURE SINCE 1936: A CHARMING PHOTOGRAPH OF DR. ARTHUR BRYANT AT HIS DESK, WITH HIS FRIEND, "JIMMY" THE TERRIER, DOING HIS BEST TO CIRCUMVENT THE HISTORIAN'S LABOURS.

Dr. Arthur Bryant, whose contributions to "Our Note Book" page since the death of G. K. Chesterton have won him the affection and respect of very many of our readers, was born in 1899 and was educated at Harrow and The Queen's College, Oxford; and he is a barrister-at-law of the Inner Temple. He served in the 1914-18 War and married in 1941 Anne Elaine Brooke, the daughter of the Tuan Muda of Sarawak. Besides his many academic distinctions he is the author and producer of several pageants and his historical works include many books on Samuel Pepys, Charles II., the growth of the Royal Navy and, particularly, a series of books on England during the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, of which "The Age of Elegance," reviewed on this page, is one. "Jimmy," the "stray terrier" who appears in the picture, "adopted" Dr. Bryant shortly before the battle of El Alamein, and the story of the beginning of their association was delightfully told in a "Note Book" article which appeared in our issue of February 16, 1946, and was reprinted in our issue of November 4 this year.

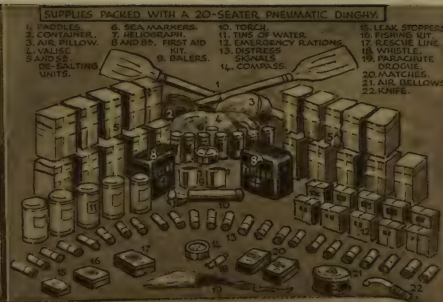
Photograph specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Angus McBean.

which was shared by Campbell and Rogers, whose memory, like theirs, is now preserved by a very few pages, or even lines. And it does remind one of one of the difficulties of the historian, whether of the past or of the present.

Looking back, we simply cannot realise, however often we verbally remind ourselves, that what are to us the outstanding figures of the age were unknown to most of their contemporaries and underrated by most of the others. They colour the age to us as

\* "The Age of Elegance, 1812-1822." By Arthur Bryant. Maps. (Collins; 15s.)





## NEW TYPES OF PNEUMATIC LIFE-SAVING EQUIPMENT EXPLAINED: RAFTS, DINGHIES AND LIFE-JACKETS

In recent years there have been great improvements in pneumatic life-saving equipment, and nowadays inflatable life-rafts or dinghies are carried in every airliner to provide means of rescue for passengers and crew should the aircraft be forced down on the sea. They are also now being carried by ships, as they take up very little space when packed and are reliable in use. Pneumatic life-saving craft are particularly useful in warships where there is little space for life-saving equipment—seven 20-person pneumatic

dinghies can be stowed in the space needed for one standard Carley float. Comparatively recently a type of life-raft with a pneumatic canopy and practically puncture-proof double-section flotation chambers has been perfected. The canopy is inflated with the base and provides complete protection from exposure for the occupants, while it also improves the stability of the life-raft. Each dinghy or raft is provided with comprehensive emergency supplies to sustain life over a period of many days. In addition, extra rafts and

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH THE ASSISTANCE

WHICH OCCUPY LITTLE SPACE AND ARE AUTOMATICALLY INFLATED ON CONTACT WITH THE WATER.

supply containers can be dropped in the drift-path of a crowded raft, as shown in one of our illustrations. The inflation of these pneumatic craft is automatic—a soluble capsule operates the CO<sub>2</sub> gas valve as the craft enters the water, and in the case of "ditched" aircraft the life-rafts can be released automatically as the aircraft comes down on the water or can be launched manually as illustrated above. The latest type of pneumatic life-jacket has a decided advantage over the kapok-filled types, as it need not be inflated

until the wearer has climbed out of the escape-hatch or window of the aircraft, then, by simply pulling a release knob, it is inflated and will keep a person afloat with his head well above water, and if he should be unconscious, will turn him face upwards. It is fitted with a small electric light which switches on immediately the life-jacket is in the water, and this is an invaluable aid to rescuers by night. This life-jacket is normally stowed in a small pouch which does not interfere with the movements of the wearer.

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I HAVE written from time to time about the part to be played by the Republic of Western Germany in its own defence, and it is indeed a subject which finds its way into almost every study of international relationships to-day. I dealt particularly with one aspect of it in an article on proposals for a "European Army" and the possibility of integration of German forces with others of the Western nations. I would recall that I made no doubt about the possibility, if all were willing, but that I pointed out what appeared to me to be strong objections if this integration were to be made logically complete. In returning to the subject to-day, I want to look at it particularly from the German point of view. It is not, I think, always realised how important this is. Many commentators have been inclined to assume that, where German rearmament is concerned, the only question to be considered is whether it should be forbidden or permitted. It does not seem to occur to them that, if a measure of rearmament is held to be desirable, the Germans may actually have to be persuaded to undertake it. Yet that is the case.

The first problem which always comes up is that of the point of view of senior German ex-officers and the degree of danger which it may involve for the future of peace. German officers may be to a greater extent than those of other countries a caste which may be expected to think on similar lines throughout; but it is a mistake to suppose that the corps does not produce men of varied temperaments, upbringing and ideas. And if German officers can be expected to raise objections to any scheme which appears humiliating to Germany, it is again a mistake to suppose that they would stand alone in this. The heaviest guilt which lies upon the shoulders of the German corps of officers is not, in my view, what is called "planning an aggressive war," but that, as a body, it sold the pass to National Socialism. It is true that not all officers were individually involved in this betrayal, and that some died heroic deaths in their efforts to free their country from the results; but there were many others who detested the Nazi rule and nevertheless served it because it gave scope to their professional ambitions.

Again, German officers would scarcely be human if they did not regard with resentment the forcible detachment of Germany's eastern provinces, so that if increased power were put into their hands they might be considered to constitute in

themselves a danger of war; but they are not alone in these sentiments. What seems to me an unrealistic attitude is that of those who are in favour of a measure of Western German rearmament but believe that it can be accomplished without relation to senior German officers. Whatever be the system adopted it is inevitable that they will play a part and almost inevitable that they will gradually extend their influence. The amateur, who is the politician, always leans on the professional, whether he is a lawyer, an expert on public health, a town-planner, or a soldier. The question for decision, then, is whether a scheme of rearmament is sufficiently desirable to compensate for the risk of using German officers to carry it out. I admit that it is possible to control them to some extent; but the control must depend upon Germans themselves, since as the occupying Powers stand further and further back they will know less and less of what is going on. There perhaps lies another danger.

The statement is often made that, whatever else happens, there must be no revival of the German General Staff. I agree that there are grave objections to it, but I am sure that most of those who use this language have but a vague idea of what they are talking about. The military staffs of the nations of the world vary considerably in their composition, but all of them may be said to contain four branches in one form or another: operations, administration and supply, discipline and recruiting, military intelligence. It might be practicable to enlist and arm German troops while preventing the re-creation of operations and intelligence branches. The only way in which it would be possible to do without the other two would be for the United States, the United Kingdom and France to enlist German soldiers

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

### THE GERMAN ATTITUDE TO REARMAMENT.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

individually, to form them into units in which these States themselves were entirely responsible for armament, training, discipline, pay, clothing, promotions and appointments, hospitals, pensions, and everything else connected with their services; in fact, to treat them as a foreign legion. Theoretically this could be done and paid for by contributions from Germany; in practice it would meet with such strong opposition from Germany that it would fail, perhaps indeed from the first, certainly in the long run.

Suppose that German units were to form part of an Allied army in Western Europe, with no unit higher than a brigade or even a battalion, but were to be raised and paid by the German Republic, there would have to be the two branches or "bureaux" which I have mentioned, and which in British fashion we may call "A" and "Q." There would also be needed certain German liaison officers, even if they were not staff officers, on the headquarters of this army. Would these branches prove to be the nuclei of a new German General Staff? If the officers in them

Protestants. The Chancellor is probably more favourable than the majority of his followers, but at the same time cautious and anxious not to appear to move too far ahead of public opinion. And public opinion itself is puzzled and anxious, but just at present inclined to hostility. Without having had an opportunity of visiting Germany of late, but having had the benefit of some trustworthy information, this is my reading.

Amid much that is doubtful one factor is clear: that on all hands opinion has moved since the invasion of South Korea. Only this year, but before the invasion took place, Mr. Bevin put it that even talk of German rearmament was to be deprecated and would set back the hope of bringing France and Germany together. This is not the line taken by the British Government now, and Dr. Adenauer's pronouncements on the subject have undergone a similar change. Ordinary people without special influence or information have got so far as to realise that the matter has come into the sphere of actualities, so that they can no longer affect to disregard it as something outside practical politics which need not be discussed. This is on the whole to be welcomed. The issue cannot be settled entirely by outsiders. The Germans themselves must make up their minds about it. No compromise, however satisfactory, between American and French views will suffice until a German majority announces its conclusions.

One other factor has of late become prominent: the possibility of a direct approach to Soviet Russia in

the highest sphere in the hope of easing the dangerous tension between East and West. This was the subject of a timely and remarkable speech in the House of Lords by Lord Salisbury. I have the highest admiration for the ideas enunciated by the Leader of the Conservative Party in the Lords. I have frequently asserted here that it is a confession of weakness and of failure to claim that everything possible is now being done, and that "ordinary channels of diplomacy" must always be used, however ugly the situation. These channels have in any case ceased to be the sole means of official international communication because international institutions have encroached upon their functions. I believe that a special effort must be made to break the deadlock if the world is not to drift into another war. For the moment, however, I will leave aside this subject and confine myself to the question of German rearmament without regard to it. Hitherto I have merely set forth



TRAINING TO UNDERTAKE GUARD DUTIES AT SECONDARY MILITARY INSTALLATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES SECTOR OF BERLIN: MEMBERS OF A RECENTLY RECRUITED GERMAN LABOUR SERVICE UNIT, ARMED WITH CARBINES, ADVANCING THROUGH WOODED COUNTRY DURING A DEMONSTRATION OF ANTI-RIOT TACTICS.

In the article on this page Captain Cyril Falls discusses the problem of German rearmament. Here we show an armed body of young Germans, one of the German Labour Service Units formed originally by the Western Allies to replace troops on guard duty at secondary military installations in the Western Zones of Germany. The U.S. authorities are now recruiting and training men for similar duties in their sector of Berlin; an example which may be followed in the British Sector. The men are armed with carbines and they are taught anti-riot tactics and elementary military drills.

decided to form secret operational and intelligence "cells" would these be easily detected? I am afraid I cannot answer either question without hesitation, but I think the probability is that a General Staff might be built up on such a basis without foreigners seeing much of the process. The aftermath of the First World War affords some material on which to base an appreciation, but not much. In that case there was an Inter-Allied Military Commission of Control, and it was watchful. The weakness lay in the actual drafting of the Treaty of Peace, in the manner in which it was applied, and in the unwillingness of the Allies to stand by in practice the principles to which they were committed in theory. The upshot was, as we all remember, the achievement of full German rearmament by stages, and the creation of a fighting instrument even more formidable than that of the Empire.

Partly from fear of full militarisation following rearmament, partly from a premonition that even a restricted rearmament might lead to Russian intervention, partly as a result of the destruction wrought in Germany in the final stages of the Second World War, German intellectuals, especially the younger among them, are in the large majority opposed to any form of rearmament. They almost adopt the point of view that for Germany to be overrun and occupied by an aggressor would be preferable to defending themselves, though if they could be assured that there was the prospect of a successful defence or that preparation for it would increase their safety they might adopt a different attitude. Dividing opinion on other lines it might be said, as a generalisation, and subject to the risks of all such generalisations, that right wing and centre are more favourable than left wing to rearmament and Catholics more than

the pros and cons. I have, however, no hesitation about committing myself to an opinion. Self-defence is the duty and privilege of nationhood, and I am convinced that the only doubt about German rearmament is whether it will come about a little sooner or a little later. That it is bound to come seems to me obvious.

I can only suggest what I consider should be the aim. The detail depends upon compromise between American, French, and German views—I do not include British, because Britain is probably prepared to agree to any reasonable compromise. I advocate the formation of German infantry regiments or brigades of three battalions, with attached artillery and engineers, perhaps two troops and a company respectively, and first- and second-line transport. From the point of view of operational and administrative efficiency, divisions would be preferable to brigades, but there are political objections, and this is where compromise might be fruitful. These small German formations should be represented on the headquarters of the divisions of which they form an integral part or to which they are attached under command. There would be no General Staff, but a small administrative staff would be necessary. To begin with, only a few such formations should be enrolled, and they should be built from volunteers. Later, experience and the international situation would determine the size of the force and the desirability or otherwise of some form of national service. The knotty points concerning an air force and armour would likewise be the subject of review after a start had been made on the lines suggested. I fear experts may find this an amateurish sketch, but it is intended only as an approach to a subject which is as thorny as it is vital.



## CHANGJIN RESERVOIR: A MILITARY AND POLITICAL CRUX IN KOREA.



APPROACHING THE SOUTHERN TIP OF CHANGJIN RESERVOIR IN SUB-ZERO WEATHER: A PATROL OF UNITED STATES MARINES. ON NOVEMBER 14, THE U.S. MARINES 7TH REGIMENT CAPTURED HAGARU, ON THE SOUTHERN END OF THE CHANGJIN RESERVOIR, WITHOUT OPPOSITION. THE PUJON RESERVOIR IS ALSO IN U.S. HANDS.



REACHING THE SOUTHERN END OF THE CHANGJIN RESERVOIR AND DAM: A PATROL OF THE 7TH U.S. MARINE REGIMENT. GREAT CARE HAS BEEN TAKEN THAT THERE SHOULD BE NO INTERFERENCE WITH THE SUPPLY OF POWER FROM ANY CAPTURED RESERVOIR.

The anxiety of the Chinese Communist Government in regard to the Korean-Manchurian power network may be a key to their policy. Care has been taken to ensure that there should be no interference with the supply of power from the reservoirs captured by U.N. troops. On November 14 the U.S. Marines 7th Regiment captured Hagaru, on Changjin reservoir, without opposition, and consolidated positions

on November 19. On November 20, it was announced that British Royal Marine Commandos had joined the U.S. Marines. On November 26 U.S. Marines in the area of the Changjin reservoir drove a Chinese Communist battalion from Yudam, on the north-west side of the reservoir. Air reports received by the Marine Division indicate that large bodies of Communist troops were then moving back towards Manchuria in that district.



# WINTER WARFARE IN KOREA: THE APPROACH TO THE MANCHURIAN BORDER.



FANNING OUT AS THEY CROSS A FROZEN STREAM: TROOPS OF THE U.S. 7TH DIVISION IN THE NORTH-EAST OF KOREA, NOT FAR FROM THE MANCHURIAN BORDER.



BRINGING BACK AN AMERICAN CASUALTY: A SCENE IN THE AREA WHERE U.S. TROOPS WERE APPROACHING THE MANCHURIAN FRONTIER.



VEHICLES OF THE U.S. 1ST CAVALRY DIVISION CROSSING AN UNDERWATER BRIDGE OF SAND-BAGS LAID BY KOREAN LABOUR ACROSS THE CHONGCHON RIVER, IN THE CENTRAL SECTOR.



A U.S. MARINE IN FULL ARCTIC EQUIPMENT IN NORTH KOREA: THE BLACK MASK IS PART OF THE PROTECTIVE CLOTHING.



WINTER WARFARE IN NORTH KOREA: U.S. MEDIUM TANKS MOVING TOWARDS THE MANCHURIAN BORDER OVER SNOW-COVERED COUNTRY. THE PHOTOGRAPH ALSO SHOWS THE HILLY TERRAIN.

ON November 24 the lull in the Korean fighting ended as General MacArthur's general offensive got under way. Advances were made on a large front; but on November 26 the Communists mounted a stiff counter-attack somewhat west of the centre of the line and made considerable advances against both R.O.K. and American troops. It was thought that the intention was to link up with Communist guerillas north of Pyongyang. In the east, however, the U.N. offensive continued to make progress, and the U.S. 7th Division was reported to be within 10 miles of the Manchurian border at Hyesanjin.



## SINUJU BRIDGES



HEAVILY BOMBED BY AMERICAN SUPERFORTRESSES: THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE YALU RIVER AT SINUJU SEEN IN A HIGH-ALTITUDE AIR RECONNAISSANCE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON NOVEMBER 15. TWO ADDITIONAL SPANS OF THE BRIDGE, WHICH HAD BEEN ALREADY DAMAGED IN A PREVIOUS ATTACK, WERE DESTROYED.

THE pattern-bombing of the bridges spanning the Yalu River between Korea and Manchuria has been complicated for the United States pilots by the strict orders not to cross the border, or even to fire across it. While the Chinese Communist pilots, under no such handicap, were making hit and run raids across the frontier, the only way the American pilots could bomb the bridges was by making long bomb runs just inside and parallel to the line running down the centre of the 2500-ft.-wide river. Despite these difficulties the Americans succeeded in placing their bombs on the targets, and subsequent aerial reconnaissance confirmed the damage done. On November 27 two spans of the international bridge across the Yalu at Chongsong Jin were in the river after being hit by bombs from Superfortresses. On November 24, air observers reported that the Yalu was beginning to freeze; records show that this normally starts on December 8.



IMPORTANT TARGETS ON THE YALU RIVER LINE: AN AIR VIEW OF A HIGHWAY BRIDGE SPANNING THE RIVER BETWEEN KOREA (IN THE FOREGROUND) AND MANCHURIA. A RIVER FERRY CAN BE SEEN (LEFT).

SMASHING THE LINKS BETWEEN KOREA AND MANCHURIA: U.S. AIR ATTACKS ON THE YALU RIVER BRIDGES.



## THE U.S.A.: STORMS, DISASTER, AND A MAJOR BATTLESHIP RECOMMISSIONED.



(LEFT.) READY TO SAIL AGAIN: THE 45,000-TON U.S. BATTLESHIP *NEW JERSEY*, POWERED BY FIFTEEN TUGS, MAKING HER WAY TO THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD.

The 45,000-ton U.S. battleship *New Jersey* which joined the reserve, or "moth-ball" fleet, at the Naval Shipyard Annex at Bayonne in 1948, was recommissioned at a ceremony at the Bayonne Naval Supply Depot on November 21. This mighty battleship had been kept under preservative wrapping ready for mobilisation at short notice. Fleet Admiral William F. Halsey, who was aboard the *New Jersey* during the time he led the naval push against the Japanese, was a guest at the recommissioning ceremonies.



(ABOVE.) AGAIN ON ACTIVE SERVICE: THE U.S. BATTLESHIP *NEW JERSEY* DURING THE RECOMMISSIONING CEREMONY AT THE BAYONNE NAVAL SUPPLY DEPOT ON NOVEMBER 21.



(LEFT.) A UNITED STATES TRAIN CRASH IN WHICH SEVENTY-SEVEN PEOPLE LOST THEIR LIVES: THE WRECKED LONG ISLAND RAILROAD EXPRESS AND RESCUE WORKERS.

Seventy-seven persons were killed and more than 300 critically injured on November 22, when a crowded express train of the Long Island Railroad, running at high speed, crashed into the rear of another crowded express that had halted in obedience to a signal at Richmond Hill, in the outskirts of New York City. The accident occurred at the height of the rush hour of suburban traffic. Fire brigades and ambulances were quickly on the scene, but the work of removing the dead and rescuing the living was exceptionally difficult, as the collision occurred at a point where the railway runs along a 15-ft.-high embankment.



SWEPT BY A HURRICANE: NEW YORK, SHOWING A STREET INUNDATED WITH WATER. IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.



HIT BY ONE OF THE WORST STORMS EVER EXPERIENCED THERE: PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA, SHOWING ABANDONED CARS UNDER DEEP SNOW IN A STREET.

A violent storm, described officially as the worst of its type yet recorded in the United States, swept across New York and the eastern seaboard on November 25, and a heavy snowfall disorganised communications and public services in Pittsburgh, Cleveland and other industrial areas in Ohio. On November 26 the total deaths for the country was given as 113, and thousands of people were injured. Whole cities were immobilised by snow, and many people were without electricity. In New York the onslaught of the hurricane lasted nineteen hours and on November 25 all public buildings and non-essential establishments were closed.



## THE ABORTIVE NEPALESE REVOLT: INSURGENTS AND STATE TROOPS.



(ABOVE.) TAKING COVER DURING A REARGUARD ACTION: A GROUP OF NEPALESE CONGRESS INSURGENTS IN ACTION. THEY CEASED RESISTANCE AFTER THE RECAPTURE OF BIRGANJ.

THE rebellion against the Maharaja-Premier's rule in Nepal sponsored by the Nepalese Congress was short and abortive. On November 10 insurgents captured Birganj, second largest town of Nepal, and set up their "Provisional Government" there, but by November 17 the State troops began to regain control, and on November 20 Birganj was recaptured without opposition. It was reported that the fighting was not of a serious nature in any sector, and the Gurkha troops of the Maharaja remained loyal. The rapid collapse of the revolt was partly due to India having closed her frontiers against the movement of armed men and munitions to Nepal. As reported in our issue of November 25, King Tribhuvana arrived in India on November 11, and was received with sovereign honours. The Indian Congress Party and some Indian newspapers support the cause of the exiled King. His second grandson has been enthroned in Nepal as King Gyanendra by the Nepalese Government. Since 1867 all power in Nepal has been vested in the Prime Minister, an office always held by a member of the Rana family.



COVERING THE MAIN ROAD AT BIRGANJ AFTER THE RECAPTURE OF THE TOWN FROM THE REBELS, WHO TOOK IT ON NOVEMBER 10: NEPALESE STATE TROOPS.



THE RECAPTURE OF BIRGANJ, WHICH WAS FOR NINE DAYS THE SEAT OF THE INVADERS' "PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT": IT WAS RETAKEN BY STATE TROOPS WITHOUT OPPOSITION.



THE INSURGENTS RETREAT FROM BIRGANJ, THE KEY TOWN WHICH WAS THE SEAT OF THE SHORT-LIVED "PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT" AND WHICH WAS RETAKEN ON NOVEMBER 20.



WITH A NEPALESE STATE FORCES OFFICER CARRYING OUT AN INTERROGATION (RIGHT): A GROUP OF INSURGENT PRISONERS UNDER GUARD IN BIRGANJ.



# THE STATE VISIT OF QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS. A SPECIAL SECTION FULLY ILLUSTRATING NOTABLE EVENTS OF THE GREAT OCCASION.



THE DEPARTURE OF THE ROYAL VISIT: QUEEN JULIANA, FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AND THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS, LEAVING AT DOVER FROM THE CRUISER JACOB VAN HEEMSKERCK.



THE ROYAL GREETING AT VICTORIA: QUEEN JULIANA RECEIVING PRINCESS MARGARET'S CURTSEY. BEHIND THEM (L. TO R.) THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS, THE KING AND QUEEN, PRINCESS ELIZABETH, THE PRINCESS ROYAL, THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, THE COUNTESS AND EARL OF ATHLONE.

THIS page, on which we show the arrival of Queen Juliana and the Prince of the Netherlands at Dover on November 21 and their last good-byes as they left England by air on November 24, opens a special section devoted to recording the highlights of Queen Juliana's first State visit to this country since her accession. Elsewhere then we record the great occasions, but here we show some of the more intimate and delightful scenes—their reception at Victoria Station by the Royal family, after their journey from Dover, and Princess Margaret's graceful curtsy; the visit Queen Juliana paid on November 22 to the foundations of the new Dutch Reformed Church in Austin Friars, the foundation-stone of which was laid by her eldest daughter, Princess Beatrix, earlier this year; and the visit which the two Queens paid to the Bermondsey "Time and Talents" settlement on Nov. 23.



QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS AT THE SITE OF THE DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH IN AUSTIN FRIARS, WHICH WAS BOMBED DURING THE WAR. IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE FOUNDATION-STONE LAID EARLIER IN THE YEAR BY PRINCESS BEATRIX OF THE NETHERLANDS.



QUEEN ELIZABETH AND QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS LEAVING THE "TIME AND TALENTS" SETTLEMENT IN BERMONDSEY AFTER THEIR VISIT, AND BEING CHEERED BY HAPPY CHILDREN.



THE END OF THE ROYAL VISIT: QUEEN JULIANA AND THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS WAVING GOOD-BYE FROM THEIR AIRCRAFT AT NORTHOLT JUST BEFORE THE DAKOTA LEFT WITH THE PRINCE AT THE CONTROLS.





(ABOVE.) LEAVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE TO ATTEND A LUNCHEON GIVEN IN THEIR HONOUR BY THE LORD MAYOR AT GUILDHALL: QUEEN JULIANA AND THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS DRIVING IN AN OPEN CARRIAGE ACCOMPANIED BY A SOVEREIGN'S ESCORT OF THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY.

ON November 22 Queen Juliana and the Prince of the Netherlands drove in an open carriage from Buckingham Palace to Guildhall, where they were entertained at luncheon by the Lord Mayor. Cheers accompanied their progress through the streets of the capital, and Princess Elizabeth stood holding Prince Charles, who watched from the wall outside Clarence House as the procession passed by. He waved to the Royal visitors with both hands and they, to his delight, waved back.

(RIGHT.) ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS WHICH ACCOMPANIED HER PROGRESS TO GUILDHALL ON NOVEMBER 22: QUEEN JULIANA WITH THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS ON THEIR DRIVE TO THE CITY.



QUEEN JULIANA AND THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS IN LONDON: THE DRIVE TO GUILDHALL.



**ROYAL VISITORS FROM  
THE NETHERLANDS  
IN THE CITY OF  
LONDON: THE SCENE  
IN GUILDHALL LIBRARY,  
WITH THE RECORDER  
READING AN ADDRESS  
OF WELCOME TO  
QUEEN JULIANA  
AND THE PRINCE OF  
THE NETHERLANDS.**

ON November 21 the Queen of the Netherlands, with the Prince of the Netherlands, arrived at Dover in the Netherlands cruiser *Jacob van Heemskerck* on a State visit to this country. The vessel was met by an escort of British destroyers, and a salute was fired by H.M.S. *Cleopatra*. H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester went aboard the cruiser when she was alongside the quay and welcomed the Royal visitors on behalf of the King and Queen. At the Marine Station the Mayor of Dover, Councillor W. H. Fish, presented an address to Queen Juliana before the Royal party entered the special train for London. Then followed the Royal procession from Victoria Station to Buckingham Palace (illustrated elsewhere in this issue) along a route lined by cheering spectators. In the evening Queen Juliana and the Prince of the Netherlands were entertained by their Majesties at a State banquet in the State ballroom at Buckingham Palace. Before dinner, the King invested the Queen of the Netherlands with the Royal Victorian Chain, and the Prince of the Netherlands with the insignia of a Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order. On the following day the Royal visitors attended a luncheon at Guildhall given in their honour by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress. A distinguished company of 800 guests, including the Prime Minister, were present. In the evening Queen Juliana and the Prince of the Netherlands entertained the King and Queen at dinner at Claridge's Hotel, and later attended a reception given by the Government in Middle Temple Hall.

THE CITY OF LONDON'S WELCOME TO OUR ROYAL VISITORS FROM THE NETHERLANDS: SIR GERALD DODSON, THE RECORDER, READING AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO QUEEN JULIANA AND THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS (SEATED ON THE LORD MAYOR'S LEFT) BEFORE A DISTINGUISHED COMPANY IN THE LIBRARY OF GUILDHALL ON NOVEMBER 22.





PERSONAL  
GIFTS TO THE  
ROYAL FAMILY  
FROM QUEEN  
JULIANA, AND  
THE TABLE  
FOR THE  
NETHERLANDS  
BANQUET.



(LEFT.)

FILLED WITH THE FIRST OF THIS SEASON'S WHITE LILAC FROM HOLLAND: ONE OF A PAIR OF CREAM DELFT-WARE VASES, SOME 3 FT. IN HEIGHT, PRESENTED TO THEIR MAJESTIES AS A PERSONAL GIFT FROM QUEEN JULIANA AND THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS.



PRESENTED TO THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER BY THE QUEEN AND THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS: A HEAVY LEERDAM CRYSTAL VASE, WITH INTERNAL COLOURING, FILLED WITH DENDROBIUM AND CATTLEYA ORCHIDS.



THE TABLE SET FOR THE BANQUET AT WHICH QUEEN JULIANA ENTERTAINED THEIR MAJESTIES: THE PLATE, GLASS AND ROSES CAME FROM HOLLAND



SHOWING THE SUPERB GOLD PLATE AND DARK-RED "HAPPINESS" ROSES: A SECTION OF THE TABLE SET FOR THE ROYAL BANQUET ON NOVEMBER 22.

The Queen and the Prince of the Netherlands before the close of their State visit on November 24 presented to their Majesties as a personal gift a pair of cream Delft-ware vases, some 3 ft. high. One was filled with Dutch new season's white lilac, and the other with Strelitzia and other flowers. They also gave the Duke and



AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE GUESTS: MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL NETHERLANDS HOUSEHOLD, IN THE ROYAL LIVERY, WHO CAME OVER TO SERVE THE BANQUET.

Duchess of Gloucester a Leerdam crystal vase containing Dendrobium and Cattleya orchids. Our photographs of the table set for the banquet at Claridge's, at which Queen Juliana entertained their Majesties, show the gold plate and glass which, like the 4000 dark-red "Happiness" roses, were brought over from Holland.





ARRIVING AT CLARIDGE'S, WHERE SHE ENTERTAINED THEIR MAJESTIES: QUEEN JULIANA, WITH THE NETHERLANDS AMBASSADOR AND (BEHIND) THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS.

## QUEEN JULIANA ENTERTAINS IN LONDON: THE ROYAL BANQUET TO THEIR MAJESTIES.



THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS GREETING THE QUEEN AND THE KING ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT CLARIDGE'S, WHERE HE AND QUEEN JULIANA ENTERTAINED THEM.



THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE TO THE THRONE ARRIVING FOR THE ROYAL NETHERLANDS BANQUET AT CLARIDGE'S ON NOVEMBER 22: H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH, WITH THE NETHERLANDS AMBASSADOR, JONKHEER MICHIELS VAN VERDUYNEN.

ON Wednesday evening, November 22, the Queen of the Netherlands and the Prince of the Netherlands returned the hospitality of their Majesties the King and Queen by entertaining them at a banquet at Claridge's Hotel. It was attended also by Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Royal and Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone. The guests sat at a single long table laid with the magnificent gold plate brought over from Holland, and decorated with some 4000 Dutch-grown dark-red roses. Forty-one members of the Dutch Royal household, including two Yeomen of the Silver, were present to assist in serving. Queen Juliana, wearing fine jewels and a pale-green gros-grain silk dress embroidered with mother-of-pearl, received in the ante-room. The Queen was in a lemon-coloured tulle dress made in crinoline style embroidered in silver and gold, and wore a pearl-and-diamond diadem.



HIS MAJESTY THE KING GREETING THE NETHERLANDS AMBASSADOR ON ARRIVAL AT CLARIDGE'S. THE QUEEN, WEARING A DIADEM OF PEARLS AND DIAMONDS, IS IN THE CENTRE, AND PRINCESS MARGARET BEHIND.



# PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE IN BRITAIN: TOPICAL HOME NEWS IN PHOTOGRAPHS.



THE NEW DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH IN AUSTIN FRIARS: A MODEL OF THE DESIGN, WHICH IS TO REPLACE THAT DESTROYED BY A LAND-MINE IN OCTOBER, 1940.

During her State visit to England Queen Juliana visited the site where this church (designed by Mr. A. Bailey, F.R.I.B.A.) is to rise and of which Princess Beatrix laid the foundation-stone in July.



IN MEMORY OF THE WAR DEAD OF SARAWAK: A WINDOW RECENTLY DEDICATED AT SHEEPSTOR CHURCH, DEVON. On October 3, at Sheepstor Church, for many years associated with the Brooke family of Sarawak, this memorial window (by Mr. Francis W. Skeat) was dedicated by the Rt. Rev. F. S. Hollis (lately Bishop of Borneo) to the memory of those who lost their lives in Sarawak during the war. Besides Saints Stephen and Leonard, the window contains the Brooke arms and many emblems associated with Sarawak.



PORTHMEOR BEACH, ST. IVES: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING HOW DRIFTED SAND AND SHINGLE ARE NOW ENCRDACHING ON THE HOUSES NEAREST THE SEA. Recent heavy storms on the Cornish coast have caused tons of sand and shingle to pile up against houses on the Porthmeor beach, St. Ives. In some cases the sand is higher than the roofs of the houses and many rooms have been cut off.



THE FIRST DISTILLATION UNIT OF THE NEW SHELL HAVEN OIL REFINERY, RECENTLY FINISHED SIX MONTHS AHEAD OF SCHEDULE, IN ESSEX.

The whole refinery plant now being erected is scheduled for completion in 1952, but the distillation unit is already in operation. The Shell Haven plant is part of the Shell Petroleum Co.'s post-war development, other refineries being in course of erection at Stanlow, Cheshire, and Heysham, Lancs.



UNCOVERED DURING OPERATIONS IN A CIRENCESTER FACTORY: A ROMAN MOSAIC PAVEMENT, IN EXCELLENT PRESERVATION AND IN RED, WHITE, GREY AND DARK-BLUE COLOURS.

Workmen at a Cirencester factory were recently digging in order to erect an electric cable standard, and after striking first a stretch of Roman walling, met with and uncovered the mosaic pavement we show here. Experts from the Ashmolean, Oxford, have seen it and have recommended that it be covered during the winter. The chairman of the firm, Sir Herbert Ingram, has announced that further excavations will take place in the spring in the hope of making more extended discoveries.



RUIDHOEESTER MARIUS, A FRIESIAN BULL-CALF WHICH FETCHED 13,000 GUINEAS, THE HIGHEST SINGLE PRICE AT A RECORD DAIRY CATTLE SALE AT PETERBOROUGH. On November 20 fifty-two head of Friesian cattle imported from Holland were sold at Peterborough for a total of £185,955, which is believed to be a record for any dairy breed sale in this country. The highest single price was that paid for the bull-calf we show.



PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:  
PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**MR. MAURICE WRIGHT.**  
Appointed British Ambassador at Oslo. Mr. Wright has served in Washington, Paris and Cairo, and on Lord Killearn's special mission to Singapore. He has recently been superintending Under-Secretary for the African, American (U.S. Section) and Eastern Departments and for the Middle East Secretariat, Foreign Office.



**MR. HESKETH HUBBARD.**  
Installed on November 23 as the 30th President of the Royal Society of British Artists, founded in 1823. A landscape and architectural painter and etcher, writer and lecturer on art, he has been an active member of the R.B.A. since 1923 and its Vice-President for the last ten years. His works hang in many galleries.



**GLYN DAVIES.**  
Captaining the Cambridge XV. against Oxford at Twickenham on December 5. Glyn Davies, who plays at fly-half, comes from Pontypridd and is at St. Catharine's College. He is a former Blue and is a Welsh international.



**J. MacG. KENDALL-CARPENTER.**  
The captain of the Oxford XV. for the University Rugby match at Twickenham on December 5. Of Truro and Exeter College, Kendall-Carpenter is a former Blue and an English international forward.



**DR. J. A. MURRAY.**  
Died on November 21, aged seventy-six. For many years Director of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund, he retired in 1935, but retained his interest in microscopy as President of the Royal Microscopical Society. He published some papers on cancer research, but his fame rests chiefly on his fine laboratory work.



**DR. DOUGLAS STRACHAN.**  
Died on November 20, aged seventy-five. A celebrated designer of stained-glass windows, the important commissions which he executed included the windows for the Scottish National War Memorial, Edinburgh Castle and those which formed Great Britain's gift to the Palace of Peace at The Hague.



**THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.**  
Died on November 26, aged fifty-five. He succeeded his father, the ninth Duke, in 1938. As Marquess of Hartington, he became Dominions Under-Secretary in 1936. From 1940-42 he was Under-Secretary for India and Burma, and Colonial Under-Secretary, 1943-45. He was elected as Grand Master of the English Freemasons in 1947.



A CHARMING EPISODE OF THE NETHERLANDS STATE VISIT: PRINCESS ELIZABETH HOLDING PRINCE CHARLES UP TO WATCH THE ROYAL GUESTS DRIVE IN STATE TO GUILDHALL. A charming informal episode took place on November 22, when the Queen and the Prince of the Netherlands drove in State to Guildhall. As the procession passed down the Mall, Princess Elizabeth, hatless and wearing a warm coat, came out of Clarence House and held her little son, Prince Charles, up on the garden wall so that he could see the cortege. He laughed and waved his hand to Queen Juliana and she waved back.



**SIR ARCHIBALD FLOWER.**  
Died on November 22, aged eighty-five. He was Chairman of the Trustees and Guardians of Shakespeare's Birthplace and of the Council of the Memorial Theatre since 1900. He was elected to the Warwickshire C.C. in 1892, and was Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon, 1900-2, 1915-18, and in 1931. He was appointed High Steward of Stratford in 1937.



**SIR WILLIAM CRAWFORD.**  
Died on November 20, aged seventy-two. A pioneer of modern advertising, he was President of the Institute of Incorporated Practitioners in Advertising from 1937-40. He was founder and Governing Director of W. S. Crawford Ltd., and was Vice-Chairman, the Post Office Publicity Committee and Chairman, the Appeal Committee Polish Relief Fund.



**SIR FREDERICK BAIN.**  
Died on November 23, aged sixty-one. A commercial and industrial leader, he was Deputy Chairman of Imperial Chemical Industries. He served in the 1914-18 War, and at the age of twenty-seven became Deputy Director of Chemical Warfare Supply, Ministry of Munitions. He was President of the Federation of British Industries, 1947-49.

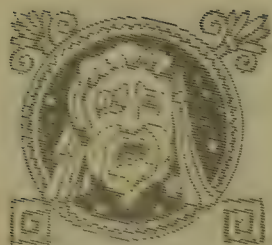


THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL DESIGNATE OF SOUTH AFRICA IN LONDON: DR. E. G. JANSEN (RIGHT) GREETED BY MR. C. H. TORRANCE, DEPUTY HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR SOUTH AFRICA, AT HEATHROW AIRPORT.  
Dr. E. G. Jansen, who has been Minister of Native Affairs in the South African Executive Council since 1948, was appointed on September 20 to succeed Mr. Van Zyl as Governor-General of the Union of South Africa on the latter's retirement on December 31. He arrived at Heathrow Airport on November 22 for a short visit to London, during which he had an audience of the King. Dr. Jansen is a leading member of the National Party and for fifteen years was Speaker in the House of Assembly.

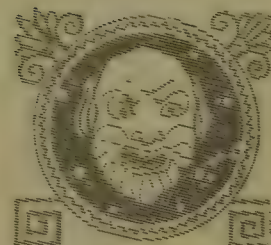


AN HISTORIC GATHERING OF FOUR WORLD-FAMOUS ARCHÆOLOGISTS, ALL OF THEM CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," IN PRETORIA: (L. TO R.) PROFESSOR RAYMOND DART, DR. ROBERT BROOM, THE ABBÉ BREUIL, PROFESSOR C. VAN RIET LOWE. These four famous archaeologists had gathered at the Transvaal Museum, Pretoria, to act in a short film entitled "South Africa as the Cradle of Mankind." Professor Dart was the discoverer (in 1924) of the Taungs skull; Dr. Broom is best known to our readers for his discoveries of various ape-man skulls in the Transvaal; the Abbé Breuil is the doyen of archaeologists and is especially associated with the cave art of France; and Professor Van Riet Lowe is the Director of the Archaeological Survey of the Union of South Africa.





# The World of the Cinema.



## BROKEN MARRIAGES.

By ALAN DENT.

IN my own experience of hospital life—and it is not inconsiderable—men who are suffering from serious and even permanent physical injury are not, as a general rule, cynical, sour and embittered. They tend far oftener to "put a brave face" on their condition, as we say. They are helped to this philosophical bearing by a by-no-means ignoble kind of pride. This begins as an assumption and rapidly develops into a kind of regular habit of cheerful resignation which knows only occasional—and usually solitary—deviations into helplessness pessimism.

One speaks, of course, only for the British; and it may be that in an American hospital for paralysed war-wounded men, irritability and gloom are the rule rather than the exception. But all my instincts—and all that I have gathered and read—forbid me to believe so. I would much more readily believe that in a crowded ward of cosmopolitans there would be many more exceptions to the general rule of patience, but that the general rule would prevail none the less.

In the film called "The Men," we are asked to concentrate on the plight of a single unhappy individual called Ken Wilozek who "feels it" more than the others because he has a finer and more sensitive nature. In spite of the good performance of a good-looking newcomer to the screen (Marlon Brando), I am not much moved by Ken's angry self-pity, because I have considerable difficulty in believing that he would so behave. The general rule here again is that those who really suffer most appear to suffer least. Ken is shown as an enraged and baffled individual who wants nobody's pity except his own; sends his loyal sweetheart (Teresa Wright) about her business though he has apparently known her since the age of adolescence; and celebrates the breaking of his engagement by breaking some of the

Ken and Ellen disunite summarily, only to be reunited by the consensus of opinion of the ward to which Ken returns and finds he is, not unnaturally, unwanted.

The film's real virtue lies not in this particular episode, which is its main story, but in the acutely

more or less paralysed from the waist downwards. The film is sensibly unsentimental: that is one of its good attributes. The surgeon, at the beginning of the film, for example, is asked blunt questions by a classroom of the wives and sweethearts of the patients—questions about the patient's control of his bodily functions. He replies that control may easily come through gradual self-training. He is also asked about the possibility of procreation, and he gives the only reply there can be—that this intensely depends upon individual circumstances, though he must lay far stronger emphasis on "possibility" than on "probability." One gives this example of the film's sensible candour to counteract the impression—largely traceable to the film's outrageous advertising which suggests that procreation [or, at least, love-making] is the be-all and end-all of the married state—that this is a mere sex-sensational film. It is nothing of the sort. It will disappoint only those who go hoping to find it so. It has, as I have shown and think, faults as to psychological behaviour. But it is ordered with considerable and unusual sensibility in many other respects; and the dialogue of the other patients in the ward is as likely and lively as the actors who speak it. The film's interest, in short, is human as well as clinical.

Howsoever the marriage of Ken and Ellen might turn out, it is extremely unlikely to have any resemblance to that of Mr. and Mrs. Craig in "Harriet Craig." This is not the first film version to be made out of George Kelly's memorable play called "Craig's Wife," which we saw in London exactly twenty years ago. I look into the files

to see what the late James Agate had to say about the house-proud harpy whose lies brought about her desertion. And lo and behold, the paper's short notice of the London production is signed A.D., and I find myself saying:

She is nothing that lovely woman, according to the English poets, ought to be. She stoops not to folly, but to pick up half-smoked cigarettes from her carpet; her household motions are not light and free, like those of the Phantom of Delight, because she is preoccupied with the prevention of scratches on her piano. . . . And when at last she is left a wife whom there are none to praise and very few to love—for husband, relatives and servants all leave for good



A FILM VERSION OF GEORGE KELLY'S MEMORABLE PLAY CALLED "CRAIG'S WIFE": JOAN CRAWFORD AS HARRIET CRAIG, WITH WENDELL COREY AS HER HUSBAND, WALTER, AND K. T. STEVENS AS CLARE, HER YOUNG COUSIN, IN THE FILM "HARRIET CRAIG" (COLUMBIA PICTURES).

observed reactions of the hospital ward's chief surgeon (Everett Sloane). This is by far the truest character in the film and the most closely observed. He is acute, alert, humorous, severe, frank, fearless, salutary. He tolerates an astonishing amount of back-chat and cross-talk (this is probably true to an American hospital, but would be totally untrue to an English one). But his advice is obviously heeded



"BY FAR THE TRUEST CHARACTER IN THE FILM AND THE MOST CLOSELY-OBSERVED": EVERETT SLOANE AS DR. BROCK IN "THE MEN" (UNITED ARTISTS RELEASE) WITH A CLASSROOM OF THE WIVES AND SWEETHEARTS OF HIS PATIENTS.

hospital's windows with his stick. But the steadfast girl, Ellen; is not so easily to be discarded—not to be thrown aside like all those other things that Ken can have no more time for, such as golf-clubs and tennis rackets, and whatever may be the American equivalent for cricket-bats. She finds him out, placates his protestings, and marries him after all. In the one scene in which a notably well-directed film (Fred Zinnemann) errs in sensitivity, Ken and Ellen enter their new home immediately after their wedding and automatically wrangle and part because some champagne has been spilled on the new carpet. The Ellen we have known till this moment would have run immediately and laughingly to find the copy of Mrs. Beeton's "Household Management" which Pa sent only yesterday. Not so here! The trifling impediment is allowed to admit itself disastrously into this marriage of true minds. And

because he has shrewdness and the most practical and helpful kind of sympathy behind his authority and ability. He it is who is most helpful in bringing Ken and Ellen finally together again to surmount their all-but-insurmountable problem. But you are made to feel—largely by Mr. Sloane's remarkable skill in expressing infinities of experience in his face and gestures—that this is only one of the day's many problems for this surgeon who finds himself a spiritual adviser as well as a manipulator of damaged muscle and nerve.

Perhaps I should have made it clear at the outset that the patients whose conditions we study in this film are all suffering from spinal injuries and are all



A SINGLE UNHAPPY INDIVIDUAL AND HIS LOYAL SWEETHEART: KEN WILOZEK (MARLON BRANDO), WHO WANTS NOBODY'S PITY EXCEPT HIS OWN, AND ELLEN (TERESA WRIGHT) IN "THE MEN."

on the same morning and in different cars and trains—no one in the audience can have any sympathy for that self-piteous sniveller.

In the latest version, Joan Crawford fulfils Harriet handsomely, soundly and without sparing herself, and Wendell Corey's Walter Craig develops from uxoriousness to complete comprehension with a beautiful gradualness. This is a capital film to take one's wife to see, more especially if she is the kind of wife who orders a fellow where to sit, and how.



## NEW TREASURE FROM SNETTISHAM: TORCS TURNED UP BY THE PLOUGH.



PROBABLY ONE OF THE FINEST CELTIC TORCS EVER DISCOVERED IN THIS COUNTRY: THE ELABORATE ELECTRUM NECKLET (PROBABLY FIRST CENTURY B.C. OR A.D.) TURNED UP BY THE PLOUGH NEAR SNETTISHAM, WITHIN A FEW DAYS OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE TORC SHOWN BELOW.

AT the end of 1948, a field on Sir Stephen Green's estate at Snettisham, Norfolk, was being deep-ploughed for the first time, and a treasure of gold and electrum ornaments and tin coins was turned up by the plough. The coins were of about 85 B.C., and the hoard was thought to have been buried about the first century A.D. Photographs and a descriptive article appeared in our issue of January 1, 1949. In mid-November this year, Mr. T. Rout, a tractor-driver, was deep-ploughing within 50 yards of the 1948 discovery, when his plough turned up the remarkable electrum torc shown in the lower picture. It weighed 2 lb. 2 ozs., and is a fine and early example of the split-ring fastening. No sooner had this been declared treasure trove at the inquest, than Mr. Rout turned up another torc (upper picture), weighing 3½ lb., and of remarkably elaborate construction and in excellent preservation. Both torcs are Celtic work of the Iron Age, and would seem to be directly related to the 1948 treasure, both in date and provenance. The lower torc was picked up in two pieces.



AN ELECTRUM TORC, WITH SPLIT-RING FASTENING—PROBABLY THE EARLIEST EXAMPLE OF THIS USE—TURNED UP BY THE PLOUGH IN MID-NOVEMBER, WITHIN 50 YARDS OF THE SITE OF THE 1948 SNETTISHAM TREASURE DISCOVERY. (Copyright, "Eastern Daily Press," Norwich.)





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### THE CASE OF THE EARWIG.

By GILBERT NIXON.

ALTHOUGH the common earwig is an abundant and ubiquitous insect, certain aspects of its life history were for a long time unknown. Males and females are equally common, but until recently few observers had been able to glean more than fragments of knowledge concerning the time of the year that breeding took place. It seems that the

If an egg addles, the mother eats it, but fortunately for her race, she feels a stronger urge to lick the eggs than to make a meal of them. Indeed, most of the attention she gives to her clutch consists in taking up the eggs in her mouth, one by one, and licking them carefully all over. Authorities are agreed that without this constant attention, the eggs fail to hatch. Evidently quite a number of the eggs lose their viability, because observations have shown that the young earwigs hatching from a clutch are usually fewer than the number of eggs it first contained. What controls the earwig's attitude towards her eggs is the delicate chemotactile sense. The egg that for some reason fails to provide her with the accustomed and presumably agreeable sensations becomes just an object with which she can satisfy her hunger.

Weyrauch tells us that if the eggs are removed, the brooding impulse of the female leaves her in from two to four days. Once gone, it cannot be revived, and fresh eggs given to the mother will be eaten as and when she is hungry. On the other hand, the same observer found that by removing the young earwigs immediately they hatched, and putting in their place another batch of eggs,

he could, by repeating the process, induce the female to remain broody for as long as three months.

In the normal course of events, the eggs hatch in some three to four weeks. The young earwigs stay with their mother, crowding beneath her body like so many chicks under a hen. They moult twice while they are living as a family. Nothing much seems to be known about their food at this time, but they certainly eat their cast skins and, if she happens to die within the nest, their mother too. After the second moult they disperse to lead independent lives, and are full grown by about July. It is from this time onwards, until they retire for the winter, that we come across them most often.

The maternal behaviour of the earwig is of special interest because it contains the rudiments of a simple type of social life. It qualifies the earwig to a place among such insects as ants, bees and wasps, which have, of course, developed a much more complex social organisation.

Although so unlike them in appearance, earwigs are related to cockroaches, and form a section of the order of insects known as Orthoptera, to which belong also the familiar grasshoppers of the countryside and the notorious migratory locusts. Less than a dozen species of earwigs occur in the British Isles, and the commonest of them, familiar to everyone, is known scientifically as *Forficula auricularia*. The first part of its Latin name is a reference to the forceps or pincers at the end of the

body, and means "scissors." The second part, "auricularia," meaning simply "of the ear," represents an attempt to express in Latin the insect's popular name. It is curious that, in other countries, the idea of ear is contained in the name of the earwig. *Ohrwurm*, or "earworm," in German; *perce-oreille*, or "ear-piercer," in French. Yet, in spite of its sinister reputation, there is no truth whatsoever in the belief that the earwig has the habit of creeping into the human ear and injuring it. The superstition, however, dies hard. By an odd twist of fate, the humble earwig itself has been called upon to undo the mischief it is supposed to cause. For it is recorded that an early advocate of the doctrine that like cures like prescribed earwigs, dried, pulverised and mixed with the urine of a hare as a remedy for deafness.

The horny forceps at its tail-end are one of the earwig's most interesting features, and give it a somewhat fearsome appearance for all its small size and eagerness to hide away when disturbed. They function both in offence and defence. How powerful their grip can be is shown if an earwig is picked up between the fingers. The abdomen is bent forwards over the body and the forceps close tightly on anything they can grasp.

Although rarely seen in flight, the earwig has a pair of delicate membranous wings that are semi-circular when spread out and surprisingly large. When not in use they are kept tucked up beneath the short wing-cases which cover the middle part of the insect's body. Thus hidden away they hardly help to dispel the notion held by many people that earwigs do not fly.

Unlike beetles, butterflies or wasps, for instance, earwigs do not pass through stages of development that bear no obvious resemblance to each other. A beetle passes first through a larval, or grub, stage, then enters a period of quiescence as a pupa, and from the pupa finally emerges as an adult. There are no such sharply differentiated forms marking the growth of an earwig. The very young or larval earwig is not so very unlike its parents, and with each successive moult comes to resemble them more and more closely. Young or old, earwigs are



THE ONLY TWO SPECIES OF EARWIG AT ALL COMMON IN BRITAIN: (LEFT AND RIGHT) THE MALE AND FEMALE OF THE COMMON EARWIG, *Forficula auricularia*; AND (CENTRE) THE "LESSER EARWIG," *Labia minor*.

period from September to March is all-important. It is in September that the sexes first come together, and throughout the late autumn and most of the winter, they are found in pairs in little chambers in the soil. In February, much depending on the weather, the male leaves the female or is driven out by her.

The earwig now lays her eggs, and with this act enters a phase of her life-cycle which makes her one of the most interesting of insects. Instead of abandoning her eggs, as almost all insects do, she remains with them until after they have hatched. In a word, she displays for her eggs what at first sight must seem the most devoted and selfless solicitude. So impressed have some observers been by the mothering habits of the earwig, that Kirby and Spence, in their famous entomological classic of the nineteenth century, wrote that "this curious insect, so unjustly traduced by a vulgar prejudice, approaches the habits of the hen in the care of her family. She absolutely sits upon her eggs as if to hatch them and guards them with the greatest care. . . ." Later enquirers, however, have tended to look at the female earwig with a colder and more critical eye, and we now possess a good deal of accurate, if unsentimental, information about her behaviour.

February is the earwig's favourite month for laying her eggs. In about a couple of days she lays from thirty to sixty of them, the number apparently varying according to the locality and the size of the female, the largest females having the greatest output. Somewhat scattered at first, the eggs are quickly gathered into a neat pile by the mother, who now proceeds to brood over them. During the period of incubation she takes no food, save perhaps an occasional egg which for some reason has gone bad. A certain aggressiveness now marks her behaviour and, using the forceps at the end of her body, she is ever ready to drive off intruders.

We are indebted to a German entomologist, Weyrauch, for some interesting observations concerning the so-called maternal instinct of the earwig. The female's attitude towards her eggs appears to be governed by the integration of a sense of touch and a sense of smell. The eggs are first gathered because they have the right feel about them. But any object, round and smooth and the same size as an egg, will be momentarily seized by the female. Weyrauch found that females would accept smooth pellets of paraffin wax and little stones, but later rejected them, since they failed to stimulate appropriately the sense of smell.



IN SHAPE SUGGESTING THE HUMAN EAR BUT FOR ALL THAT, AS FAR AS IS KNOWN, NOT THE ORIGINAL SOURCE OF THE INSECT'S NAME: THE DELICATE MEMBRANEOUS WING OF THE EARWIG, WHICH IS RARELY SEEN IN FLIGHT, WITH (ABOVE) THE ELYTRON, OR WING-COVER. [Photographs by Harold Bastin.]

#### "WITH BEST WISHES"

It is by no means too early to think of Christmas presents—especially for friends overseas. Those in search of a present likely to be appreciated will find that a year's subscription to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS provides an ideal gift.

Each week as the new copy arrives, the recipient will be reminded afresh of the kind thought and good wishes of his or her friend at home in Britain. Orders for subscriptions for THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS to be sent overseas can now be taken. They should be addressed to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, and include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription. Canada £5; Elsewhere abroad £5 5s. (to include the Christmas Number).

nocturnal. By day they hide away, their flattened bodies enabling them to secrete themselves in narrow cracks and crannies, in the folded petals of flowers such as dahlias and, indeed, in any darkened refuge.

The earwig is commonly believed to damage dahlias, but opinions seem to be divided as to whether it really is guilty of this offence. All the same, the up-turned flower-pot stuck on the end of a stake is eloquent enough proof that some people who grow dahlias are taking no chances.



# THE "HOT-WATER SHRIMP" OF TUNISIA: A LITTLE KNOWN MARVEL OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM



A ZOOLOGIST DESCENDS ONE OF THE MANY WELLS EXAMINED IN THE SEARCH FOR THE SHRIMP *THERMOSBAENA MIRABILIS*.



DR. BARKER GROPING FOR SPECIMENS OF THE SHRIMP *THERMOSBAENA* IN THE HOT SPRING AT SIDI ABD EL KADER, EL HAMMA.

A SMALL scientific expedition left Oxford this summer to visit El Hamma, an oasis thirty miles inland from Gabes, in Southern Tunisia, where there are a number of hot springs. One of its main objectives was to study a remarkable shrimp, *Thermosbaena mirabilis*, which lives in these springs and is to be found nowhere else in the world. The first specimens were collected in the early 'twenties by a French zoologist, L. G. Seurat;

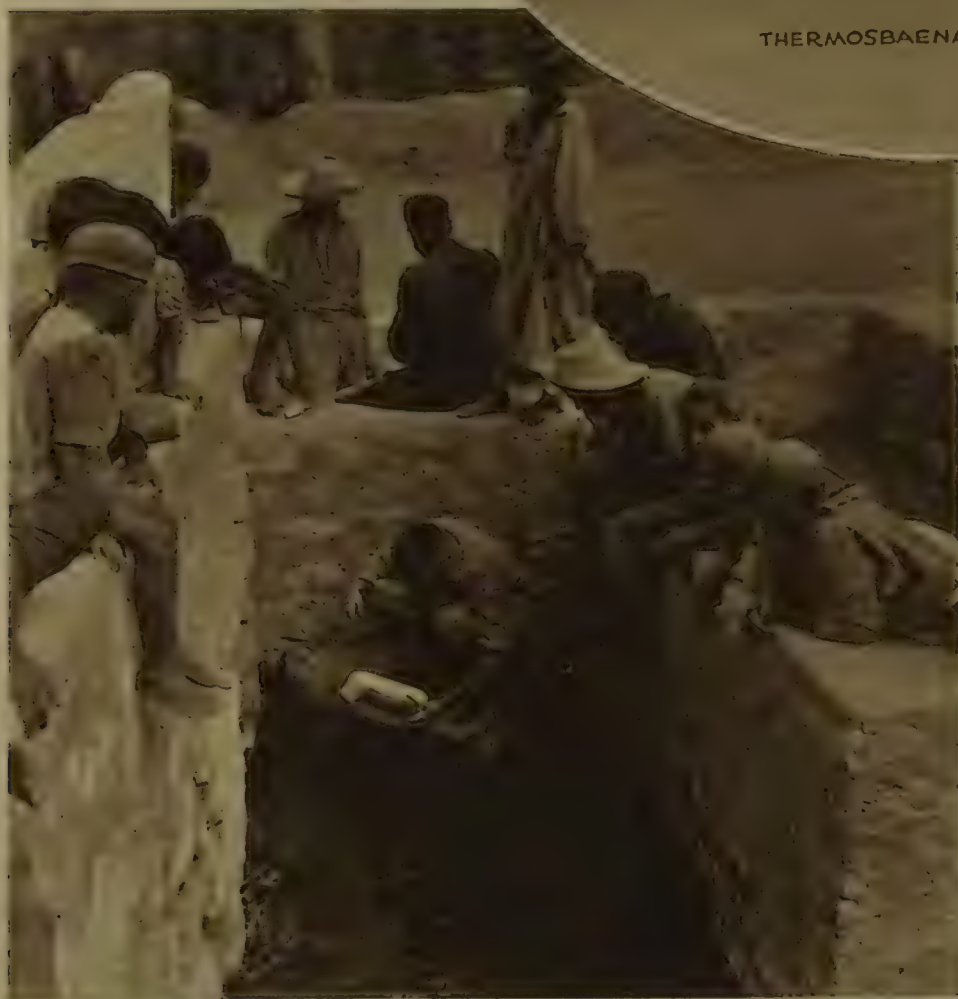
[Continued opposite.]



*THERMOSBAENA MIRABILIS*

[Continued.] he handed them over to his colleague, T. Monod, for identification and zoologists first learned of the existence of the animal from Monod's paper in 1924. It is a very small, white creature, about the size of a match-head and without eyes. The spring water in which it lives has a temperature of 46 deg. C. (115 deg. F.), several degrees hotter than the hottest bath most of us care to tolerate. *Thermosbaena* is unique among higher

[Continued below.]



INTERESTED ARABS LOOK ON AS THE ZOOLOGISTS SEARCH FOR THE "HOT-WATER SHRIMP" IN A POOL FED BY A HOT SPRING.

[Continued.]

aquatic organisms in being able to survive such a temperature. The zoologists in the team, Dr. David Barker, of the Department of Zoology, Oxford, who planned and led the expedition, and Samuel Russell, of Lincoln College, Oxford, spent a month in El Hamma collecting specimens of *Thermosbaena* and studying its habits and structure. They were also able to observe its method of reproduction which had previously been unknown. Samples taken from a large number of other hot springs and also hot wells in the area failed to reveal any specimens of *Thermosbaena*; the animal appears to be confined solely to two hot springs in El Hamma, one of which the zoologists could visit only with the permission of the local Khaliphah and with an escort of his police, since it is reserved for the exclusive use of Muslim women bathers. An



HOLDING THE VACUUM FLASKS IN WHICH IT WAS HOPED TO BRING LIVE SPECIMENS OF THE SHRIMP BACK TO OXFORD: A MEMBER OF THE EXPEDITION.

attempt was made to bring back a number of specimens alive in vacuum flasks, so that further investigations could be carried out at Oxford. This project was beset with innumerable difficulties, and although a colony was kept alive for a week the specimens died shortly before reaching England. The other scientists in the expedition, Aubrey Parke, archaeologist, and Julek Slaski, anthropologist, graduates of Lincoln and Balliol Colleges, Oxford, had the opportunity of pursuing a number of investigations in the neighbourhood of El Hamma. Parke was able to examine some of the prolific Roman and megalithic remains in the area, and Slaski spent several weeks in the troglodyte settlements at Matmata, farther south. The scientists were accompanied by Guy Roddon, an artist, and Martin Koretz, an Oxford photographer.

Photographs by Martin Koretz; photomicrograph by Leonard Small.



## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. MING DYNASTY POLYCHROMES.

By FRANK DAVIS.

of panels which in later wares—even in those of the highest technical quality—can become repetitive and tedious, while the combination of soft colours is entrancing.

Another wine jar, in an entirely different style, is seen in Fig. 2—the porcelain body has a solid lining,

Carving in relief on pierced reticulations also provided boundaries for the different colours." That applies to Fig. 2, already described, and to Fig. 3, the pear-shaped vase with chrysanthemum-spray handles. The ground is aubergine, and on it in applied relief are chrysanthemums and cranes in peacock blue and cream glazes. The body is stoneware.

These are but two pieces from a magnificent series in which aubergines, greens and yellows are the dominant colours. The second type—the *Wu Tsai*—is represented on this page by Fig. 1 and by the beautiful bowl of Fig. 4, with its prunus blossom and bird in green, red, brownish-yellow and turquoise enamel glazes. "This second main group is even more important, because all the porcelains with enamel glaze decoration so extensively developed later, are fashioned on the principles employed in their production. The body was no longer a fine stoneware, but invariably a fine porcelain made from the china clay abounding in the neighbourhood of Ching-té Chên (in Kiangsi). The vessels were covered with a colourless glaze which looks white owing to the porcelain body showing through it, and was fired at a high temperature. . . . After this initial firing, the decoration was added in the form of lead-silicate enamels coloured with different metallic compounds. The decorated vessel was then refired to a sufficient temperature to mature the enamel glazes, but at a



LONDON is marvellously well served with exhibitions of works of art. I am not thinking of the great collections which are always on view, and to which one returns again and again as opportunity offers with admiration and gratitude; nor of those lively and enlivening shows sponsored by the Arts Council. These are public services, financed by the public, and directed with learning and imagination. I am thinking of those dozens of exhibitions presented by private enterprise which are by no means the least of the attractions of civilised existence, at which, if you have money to spare, you can buy something worth while, and if you have not, nobody cares—you are a welcome guest just the same. Amid all these good things one sort of exhibition—that is, the one which used to be staged with the regularity of the neap tides by the two or three dealers in Chinese art—is no longer on the current list, and that for an obvious reason—it is no longer possible for them to accumulate a stock of porcelain, bronzes and so forth, in sufficient variety to satisfy their rather exacting standards. Consequently, until the world, and particularly the Far East, approaches a little nearer to sanity, no more—or, at any rate, very few—agreeable invitations from Messrs. Blank and Mr. Dash to see the latest importations.



FIG. 1. A WINE JAR WITH LID; CHIA CHING MARK AND PERIOD 1522-1566 A.D.

This fine piece lent by Mrs. Alfred Clark to the ninth loan exhibition arranged by the Oriental Ceramic Society for the benefit of its members and the public, is decorated with fishes swimming in plants in green, yellow and orange enamel glazes and underglaze blue. (Height 18 ins.)

while the outer case is reticulated; and around it in applied relief are sages (the Eight Immortals?) and flowers in turquoise, aubergine, yellow and white enamels on a turquoise ground. Date, about 1560. It is a common complaint among the thoughtless that learned men sit in ivory towers and write above our heads, conveying a minimum of information at inordinate length. The introduction to the catalogue by Mr. A. L. Hetherington, who is indubitably learned, tells us just what we want to know very simply and in a few hundred words.

A brief quotation from this admirable exposition becomes inevitable. There are two main types: (1) *San Tsai*, or three-coloured ware; (2) *Wu Tsai*, or five-coloured ware. The first obtained its name "because it was supposed to have, normally, decoration in three colour glazes: these were a deep violet blue, a turquoise blue, and a purplish-brown aubergine; but the colours were not strictly limited to three, and others, green, yellow and white, were substituted or added. . . . The body of the ware varies from an



FIG. 2. DECORATED WITH A DESIGN, IN APPLIED RELIEF, OF SAGES AND FLOWERS; A WINE JAR C. 1500 A.D.

This wine jar lent by Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. R. C. Bruce has a porcelain body with solid lining. The outer case is reticulated with a design in applied relief in turquoise, aubergine, yellow and white enamel glazes on a turquoise ground. (Height 13½ ins.)

Into this dark and lamentable void steps the Oriental Ceramic Society, a body of erudite but not formidable enthusiasts, and by means of loan exhibitions from private collections, lights a beacon twice a year in the basement of 48, Davies Street, Grosvenor Square—and if you should think that a basement is no place for a beacon, you will soon know better, once you have descended the stairs. The exhibits on this occasion, all according to custom lent from the collections of members of the Oriental Ceramic Society, are examples of the so-called three- and five-colour porcelains of the Ming Dynasty (1368-1644), when the Chinese potter first began to obtain control of a wide range of colours. Some hold that later generations gained in technical perfection, but were never able to improve upon the vigour and inventiveness of these centuries. One is, I think, on very dangerous ground if one tries to explain to a wide public just what there is in these early polychromes which gives them a quality different in kind from that to be found in the more familiar eighteenth-century pieces—and perhaps the attempt is even impertinent—but a glance at Fig. 1 may carry conviction. (Naturally, in a monochrome illustration I can show form alone—you must use the mind's eye for colour.) This noble wine jar is decorated with fishes and plants in green, yellow and orange enamel glazes and underglaze blue; the drawing is lively and loose, and there is none of that symmetrical arrangement in a series



FIG. 4. BEARING THE CYCLICAL DATE MARK 1433 A.D.; A BOWL WITH PRUNUS AND BIRD DESIGN IN GREEN, RED, BROWNISH-YELLOW AND TURQUOISE.

The prunus and bird design on this bowl is carried out in green, red, brownish-yellow and turquoise enamel glazes. Like the other pieces illustrated on this page, it is on view at the Oriental Ceramic Society Loan exhibition. (Depth 8½ ins.) [Lent by Mrs. Alfred Clark.]

earthenware to a stoneware, and sometimes consisted of porcelain. The body was fired in order to vitrify it before the glazes were applied to it. The glazes were medium-fired, lead-silicate glazes, which were prevented from running into each other by threads of clay standing out in relief, or by incisions in the paste which acted as boundary ditches.



FIG. 3. DECORATED WITH A DESIGN OF CHRYSANTHEMUMS AND CRANES IN APPLIED RELIEF; A PEAR-SHAPED VASE, 16/17 CENTURY.

This vase, lent for exhibition from the Anthony de Rothschild Collection, has a stoneware body with two chrysanthemum-spray handles. The design of chrysanthemums and cranes in applied relief is in peacock blue and cream white glazes on an aubergine ground. (Height 17 ins.)

low enough temperature to prevent any refusion of the ground-work glaze."

Once these distinctions have been grasped, the visitor can proceed to enjoy himself and, later on, if he is that way inclined, he can begin to take an interest in the fascinating and extremely difficult problem of dating pieces which are ostensibly of the Ming Dynasty and may very possibly bear the reign mark of the Emperor Cheng Hua (1465-1487), but which the expert eye suspects were actually made three centuries or so later. Here is a fruitful subject for amiable wrangling, for which we have to thank the Chinese reverence for the past—the finest compliment a later potter could pay to his Ming predecessors was to produce a piece similar in all respects. As Mr. Hetherington neatly puts it: "The New Look had no importance in the Middle Kingdom."

A notable illustration of this aphorism is provided by a small group of five dishes decorated with magnolias or peonies or lilies in underglaze blue upon a yellow ground. I think it would be fair to assert that to all appearances they could very well have come from the same factory in the same year. Yet they bear the marks of four different reigns stretching over a period of ninety-five years from 1426 to 1521. There seems no reason to doubt the genuineness of the reign marks. Can one imagine European potters remaining untouched by changes of fashion for very nearly a century?



# LANDSCAPES IN THE BRITISH TRADITION: SEAGO'S RECENT WORK.



"DEGANWY"; A BEAUTIFUL WELSH COASTAL SCENE IN THE CURRENT EXHIBITION OF RECENT OIL PAINTINGS BY EDWARD SEAGO.



"DUSK, CHIOGGIA"; ONE OF EDWARD SEAGO'S ITALIAN SEASCAPES NOW ON VIEW AT COLNAGHI'S.



"NORWICH FROM MOUSEHOLD"; A CHARACTERISTICALLY ENGLISH LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES, BY SEAGO.



"BURNHAM-OVERY-STAITHE"; A PEACEFUL ENGLISH LANDSCAPE PAINTED THIS YEAR BY EDWARD SEAGO.



"EVENING SUNSET, LA VENA CANAL, CHIOGGIA"; ONE OF A SERIES OF ITALIAN VIEWS BY SEAGO.



"THE ALBATROSS, OSTEND"; AN OIL PAINTING IN SEAGO'S LATEST LONDON EXHIBITION.

Edward Seago's gifts as a landscape artist in the great British tradition are well known and his exhibition of recent oil paintings now in progress at Colnaghi's Galleries in Old Bond Street will add further to his reputation. The seventy-five works on view there include English, Italian and Belgian subjects, for the most part coastal scenes. Mr. Seago has also just been introduced to Canada, for on November 20 the Governor-General of the Dominion, Field Marshal Lord Alexander, arranged to

open an exhibition of his paintings and water-colour drawings at the Laing Galleries, Toronto. He is already known in the United States, as he had a one-man show in New York in 1938. Norfolk has provided Mr. Seago with many subjects, and he has been invited to provide an exhibition of his paintings and drawings at the Old Assembly House, Norwich, to mark its opening on November 23 as a Cultural Centre. Many of the exhibits at this show have been lent for the occasion by their present owners. This is the second time a selection of Mr. Seago's work has been lent for exhibition in Norwich, for a Loan Show of his Italian War Pictures was held at the Municipal Gallery there, and at that of Bristol, in 1946. He is also well known as a portrait painter, and exhibits at the Royal Academy, the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, the R.O.I., R.B.A., etc.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

HERE we have a group of three women writers—therefore a good opening, almost a call for generalities. And yet on second thoughts I don't quite see why, and as it happens, none occurred to me. All three are feminine enough, but there the likeness ends. And it is really no guide to flavour, much less an aid to judgment. They can only be taken separately.

Though Rumer Godden is the one I looked forward to, I must say that "A Breath of Air" (Michael Joseph; 9s. 6d.) was no great surprise. A disappointment certainly, but half-expected. For with this writer one comes to feel that disappointment is always hovering. The style, the manner will be charming invariably—but they will hang on what? On any theme she can devise. And that may be charming too; she has a wide range in a sense, a love of beauty and a taste for exotic coolness. But it is a toss-up; and it is true, as well, that she has not much to say in fiction. Really she is a minor poet in practice as a novelist, and always in search of matter.

Here she has put "The Tempest" into modern dress. Mr. van Loomis (Prospero, the Earl of Spey) had a turn for conjuring, and let a brother manage his affairs. In due course he was squeezed dry; and now he rules the island of Terraqueous—Earth and Water—as a benevolent magician, far from the madding world. The isle is musical, enchanted, dreamlike, an ideal haven, but it has no man for his daughter Charis. Except her father, it has no one of her own kind; the happy islanders are more like spirits. And she is grown up—what is to be done? Mr. van Loomis feels it will be all right; it is as though he waved a little stick—and lo, Prince Ferdinand, flying homeward from Australia, and diverted by a freak storm. This time he is an actor-playwright, prince of the theatre.

We have had such experiments before: for instance, on "The Ring and the Book." And even that, though plausible, was ill-inspired. But this—"The Tempest" as a prose story, "The Tempest" rational and up-to-date! Of all unpromising ideas, what could be wilder? Of course, it suits the author in a way: the background loveliness and the exotic coolness match her own sensibility. And this attempt, she says disarmingly, is both slight and humble. It is indeed; in fact, it is a mere game, an exercise in ingenuity. And one can only give half one's mind to it; the other half is always referring back, and always (naturally) to her disadvantage.

"Mary O'Grady," by Mary Lavin (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), could have been called "The Mother's Tragedy." It has no ingenuities of plot, but it has something of the grand style. Mary O'Grady left her own life behind in Tullamore, the Eden of her country childhood. She has never gone back; yet she will be a stranger in the city to her dying day. The farm is home to her—and not the mean little house and rank, uncultivable garden, cheek by jowl with a railway line. But Tom O'Grady works in Dublin, and they fell in love at first sight; and so she rushed into perpetual prison, and complete happiness. Always a baby in the pram, another child trotting by, to play on a waste patch by the canal and hear about Tullamore. At first her dream was to go back and live there, some time, somehow, but now the hope is lost, for in the city children have more advantages. And Mary gives it up without a pang. She was born for motherhood; she keeps her youth, her comeliness, her country air, her light racing step from one child to the next, and longs to go on and on.

Then one day comes the turning-point. Her eldest, Patrick, has an "itching heel," and a desire to roam. This is her first sorrow; but she can feel it as a turning-point. The good years are all behind.

And now the mother's tragedy begins. Not in the mere prosaic terms of conflict and anti-climax, frustration and vacuity. Blow follows blow, yet she, the hypersensitive, devoted mother, lives through them all, uncrushed and unrepining. She has her faith, indeed; but that is not the main point. The kernel of her story may be found in Wordsworth, writing of an unhappy father:

There is a comfort in the strength of love;

'Twill make a thing endurable, which else

Would upset the brain, or break the heart—

So apt an epigraph, I looked to see if it was not there.

Of course, this book has not the quality of "Michael," even of a prose "Michael." It is diffuse, one-sided and subdued. It falls short of tragedy; but it is moving and absorbing.

"The Golden Apples," by Eudora Welty (Bodley Head; 9s. 6d.), should be much liked, by those who like that kind of sensuous, evocative getting-nowhere. It is a loose but ordered sequence of episodes about a little town in Mississippi. The local faun and his albino wife: the German music-teacher and the children at camp or concert: the "vacant house" on a June day: the good twin wandering in San Francisco and the bad twin going wild at home: a death, a funeral—one scene at a time, and imperceptibly the years roll by. The place-name is Morgana, which implies the magical; and there is certainly a hint of magic, of the more than life-size. It is all slightly vaporous, elaborately written, all conscious art. And truly magical in flashes. But one soon has enough of it—and comes to see it as an art of keeping life at arm's-length.

And now a final plunge into the masculine. "Three Doors to Death," by Rex Stout (Collins; 18s. 6d.), includes three stories, all with the correct ingredients—Archie, and Nero Wolfe, and the essential corpse. One, also, has a most flamboyant type of "self-ending"; a dress-designer jumps into a boiling geyser in the Yellowstone Park. And what is even more remarkable, he comes out again. The next time, Nero functions gratis in the name of friendship and of good cooking; a once distinguished, though degraded artist, is in gaol on a murder charge. And last, the crowning miracle, he goes to work upon his two feet, and even crawls in darkness through the snow. This is unparalleled; but mental short-cuts seem to be growing on him. Twice in this volume he arrives by cheating, both times in the same way. Which will become monotonous if it becomes a habit.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE practice is seeping in (I suspect, from America) of publishing cunning questionnaires designed to establish, on the basis of your answers, whether you would succeed in love, whether you'd make a good politician, whether you are introvert or extrovert, or what you will.

Here is a little questionnaire like this.

Answer the questions *honestly* (nobody ever does, but they always put this in, with the "honestly" in italics) and if your more active days are over, say what you would have done in your time:

At billiards, do you ever pot your opponent's white?

At bridge, do you ever allow your voice, by the least inflection, to indicate whether your "one no-trump" is (a) *practically two*, (b) *reasonably sound*, or (c) *stinks*?

At boxing, if you were to split your opponent's eyelid in round one, causing it to bleed into his eye, would you pound it relentlessly for the rest of the fight?

If you were keeping wicket at cricket and the batsman, knocked unconscious by a "bumper," fell just outside his crease, would you remove the bails and appeal before going to his aid?

At poker, if you lose an ante you had forgotten to put up, do you obligingly inform the winner?

If at tennis you benefit by a palpably wrong decision by the umpire, do you deliberately hit the next ball out?

If your answers are "Yes," "Yes," "Yes," "Yes," "No," "No," then I suppose you are a cad, albeit an honest one. If your answers are "No," "No," "No," "No," "Yes," "Yes," I don't believe you! If your answers lie between these extremes, then you belong to the great ruck of undistinguished humanity—you are a member of the great masses. You probably refrain, after a moment of inward conflict, from taking an ungentlemanly advantage in any game, but feel a fool for doing so, and are probably so uncomfortable at having to make the decision at all that you are put right off your game.

My original idea was to establish how good a sport you are. But how extraordinarily hard to define this sportsmanship is! How delicate is the balance between gentlemanliness and the rigour of the game, and how incessantly in games we are set the problem of striking this balance!

Let us start with an extreme case, really outside sport altogether. Early in the war it was reported on the radio that a scouting plane had sighted an enemy submarine surfaced and completely at its mercy. "Not liking to shoot a sitting bird," the announcer went on, "the pilot gave the submarine a chance to dive." This announcement filled me and many others with fury; in this particular contest the stakes were too high, the conflict too serious, for gentlemanliness.

In a World Championship at boxing it is accepted that the stakes are too high for any sort of compassion.

Yet is not Rommel respected because even in war he retained some gentlemanliness, and is not Hitler despised even more than otherwise because he had none at all?

An American at St. Andrews, we were told, put his opponent off during a championship final by keeping him waiting whilst he practised putts for inordinate periods. To what extent should he have considered his opponent's feelings—which means his opponent's efficiency, too—in concentrating on his own efficiency?

In chess, if your opponent blunders away a pawn in the opening, is it unsporting to exchange off material until finally, with perhaps only a few men left on each side, that pawn is all that matters? An opponent in a friendly game, if subjected to such methodical attrition, often seethes with pure hate; but a master-game which followed such a course might be lauded as an exceptionally well-played effort. Qualms about "exchanging off" like this disappear in chess at about the same level as qualms about "potting the white" in billiards—at the lowest stage of serious competition.

All keen chess nowadays is clocked. Your opponent, as he moves, stops his clock and starts yours. What if you suddenly realise he has forgotten to do so and that, for your own cogitations, you are using his time? If he has made thirty-nine moves and has only five minutes left to make his fortieth, then by gazing at the board and doing nothing for five minutes, assuming he does not realise his error, you can forfeit him the game.

The current law permits a tournament director to tell a player if his clock is wrongly running against him, which supports the general view that this is the opponent's duty too, morally. In my opinion, the rigour of the game should rule here and the laws should make it clear that a player's clock is entirely his own responsibility.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## FOR VISITORS HERE AND ABROAD.

THERE are guide books, travel books and books by Alan Houghton Brodrick. I create this extra category after reading the third volume in "The People's France" Series, "Paris" (Hodder and Stoughton; 20s.), by that most entertaining author. For when Mr. Brodrick writes about a country, a region, or a place he doesn't lecture you, he doesn't weary you with detail or bludgeon you with dates. He takes you gently but firmly by the elbow and steers you round whatever sights he wishes you to see. And you submit willingly to this captivity. For Mr. Brodrick is so urbane, so

knowledgeable, without obtruding his knowledge, and, above all, so charming, that the whole business of reading one of his books is like attending a small and select dinner party, the wines chosen with the discrimination you would expect from your host and the conversation of a wit and culture far too seldom, alas, to be found these days. If you are going to Paris, this book is a "must" for your luggage—however well you may think you already know the city. For Mr. Brodrick, in his saunter, will always have something unexpected to tell you—such as that in the days of Henri IV. there was no wine-cellar at the Louvre and the Royal drinks were sent in by a *traiteur* or caterer. The *traiteur*, incidentally, seems to have played an important rôle right up to the Revolution, as even the greatest seem to have had their food sent in to them on the majority of occasions. Then the great *chefs de cuisine* who lost their jobs when their Royal or aristocratic masters fled abroad or lost their heads, went into the business. The first restaurateur, according to Mr. Brodrick, was Beauvilliers, formerly *chef de cuisine* to the Prince de Condé, who invented *service à la carte*. And what a *carte*! "In his eating-house in the *rue de la Loi* he offered his clients thirteen sorts of soup, twenty-two hors d'œuvres, twenty-three fish dishes, eleven meat courses, fifty-two different wines, eleven liqueurs, and even (concession to English taste) 'ale and porter'." If this is the effect on restaurateurs of a Revolution, I propose to start an *émeute* in the Strand or Piccadilly!

Quite naturally, for Mr. Brodrick is a civilised man, there is much good advice about food—and much nostalgic harking back to those great restaurants I remember, Voisin, Paillard, Foyot. The first cafeteria, Mr. Brodrick maintains, was in the *galerie de Valois*, a street where Blücher, "who had kept into old age the habits of an adventurous youth, one day in 1815 lost 6,000,000 francs (£240,000 gold) and had to mortgage his lands to raise the sum. It is said that all the rest of his life the word 'Paris' sent him off into paroxysms of fury"—and, on the whole, I don't blame the old Prussian.

And so Mr. Brodrick's saunter continues through a book closely packed with the grave and gay, the learned and the flippant, and most finely illustrated throughout. Yes. You should certainly get it.

From looking at Paris through the eyes of a Briton it is equally pleasant to see ourselves as others have seen us, and read "The Visitor's Book," by Harry Ballam and Roy Lewis (Parrish; 15s.). This entertaining collection of reactions to these islands by foreigners who have visited them since the sixteenth century is admirably timed not merely to amuse the natives, but to stimulate our overseas guests who are coming here next year for the Festival of Britain. I doubt if they will find many basic changes in the national character—though the unruliness and brutality which were almost universally commented on by visitors (and cultivated Englishmen) until the middle of the last century, seem to have disappeared. I liked particularly this picture of the English by an Italian visitor in 1669.

"The English are in general, by nature, proud, phlegmatic in execution, and patient in their behaviour, so that they never hurry those who work for them by an indiscreet impatience, but suffer them to go on at their own pleasure and according to their own ability. This proceeds from their melancholy treatment for which those who live in the North of England are more remarkable than the South; the former being saturnine and the latter somewhat more lively. They consider a long time before they come to a determination; but having once decided their decision is irrevocable, and they maintain their opinion with the greatest obstinacy." Whether it is their "melancholy treatment," the unhurried and unhurrying characteristics of the British workman seem to have changed little in three centuries.

A picture of what England was like in the eighteenth century seen through the eyes of contemporaries is charmingly provided by "Georgian Scrapbook," by A. H. Phillips (Laurie; 21s.). With Horace Walpole and the great diarists, Fanny Burney, Creevey and Greville to mine, and with Hogarth and Rowlandson and the host of lesser caricaturists who portrayed that robust age with such earthy gusto to illustrate it, Mr. Phillips could scarcely have gone wrong. And he hasn't. The result is wholly entertaining and worth every penny of the money.

To pass from a scrapbook to a spotlight, I must recommend to all cinema-goers, to the film-struck, and to aspiring young writers and actors "Spotlight on Films," by Egon Larsen (Parrish; 15s.). This fascinating book claims to be the first comprehensive and authoritative book on all aspects of the film, and having read it I can well believe it. The historical part is fascinating. It is also nostalgic. How excellent the silent films had become before the late Mr. Jolson put in his audible appearance! Films such as "The Spy" (which I remember seeing three times), on the very verge of the talkie era, had developed a technique and an art form of their own, and excellent it was, too. But for the uninitiated the second part of the book, which lays bare the innermost secrets of film-making—except, perhaps, the explanation of why film-makers are so hopelessly unbusinesslike—will be the most interesting.

The mysteries of back-projection, of make-up, of cutting, all the hidden rites of this mysterious cult are revealed to us by one of its ablest high priests. Good and interesting stuff.

E. D. O'BRIEN.



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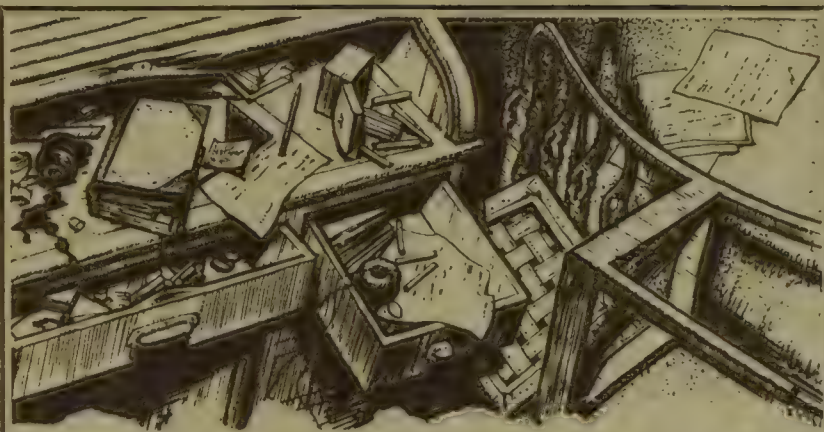
A small boy on a tricycle. Nothing special about that — unless he thinks he's a dirt-track rider, when you have to look out. But a few generations ago there was no T.I., and most small boys had nothing more exciting to ride than a tea-tray. No trikes, no children's bikes, no rocking boats, or chutes, or slides, or climbing frames, or half the things clever people manufacture from (as it happens) T.I. materials. Nor much help from Mother, either, with no T.I. to help her run the house.

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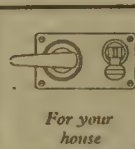
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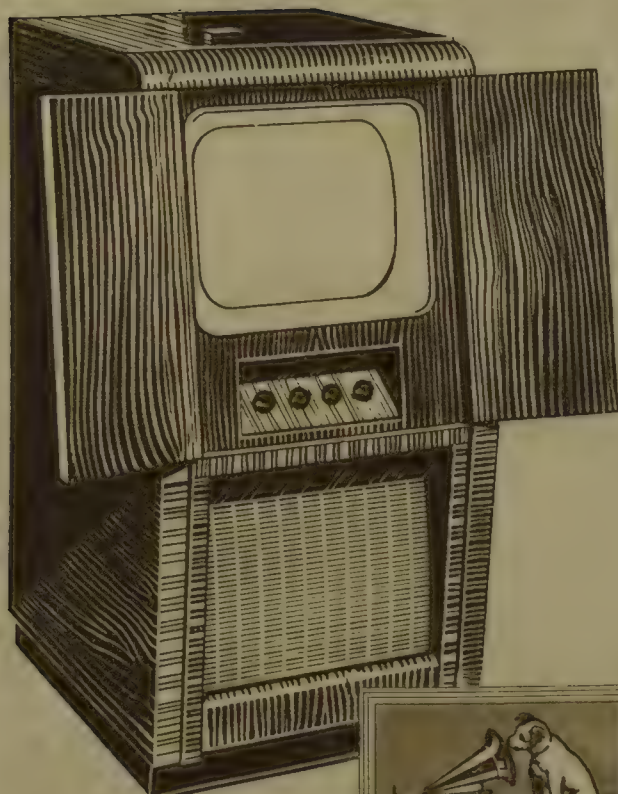
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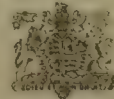


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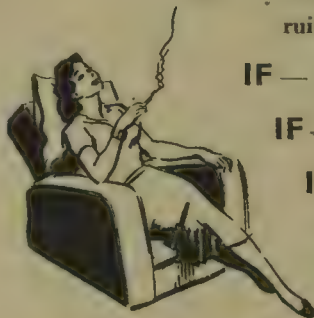
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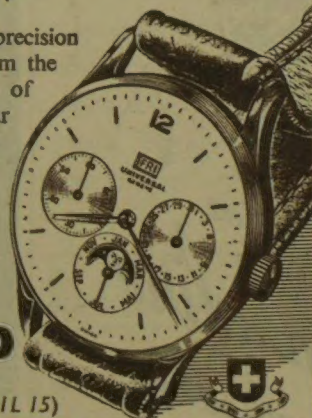
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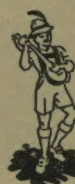
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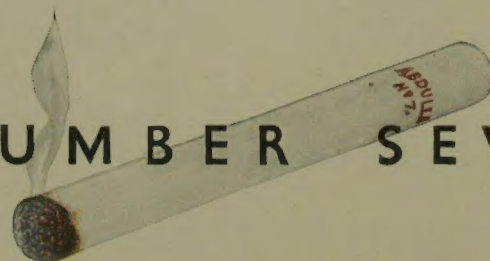
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NUMBER SEVEN



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